The Ira Magaziner File, by Byron York

THE AMERICAN SPECTATOR®

MARCH 1995

A MONTHLY REVIEW EDITED BY R. EMMETT TYRRELL, JR.

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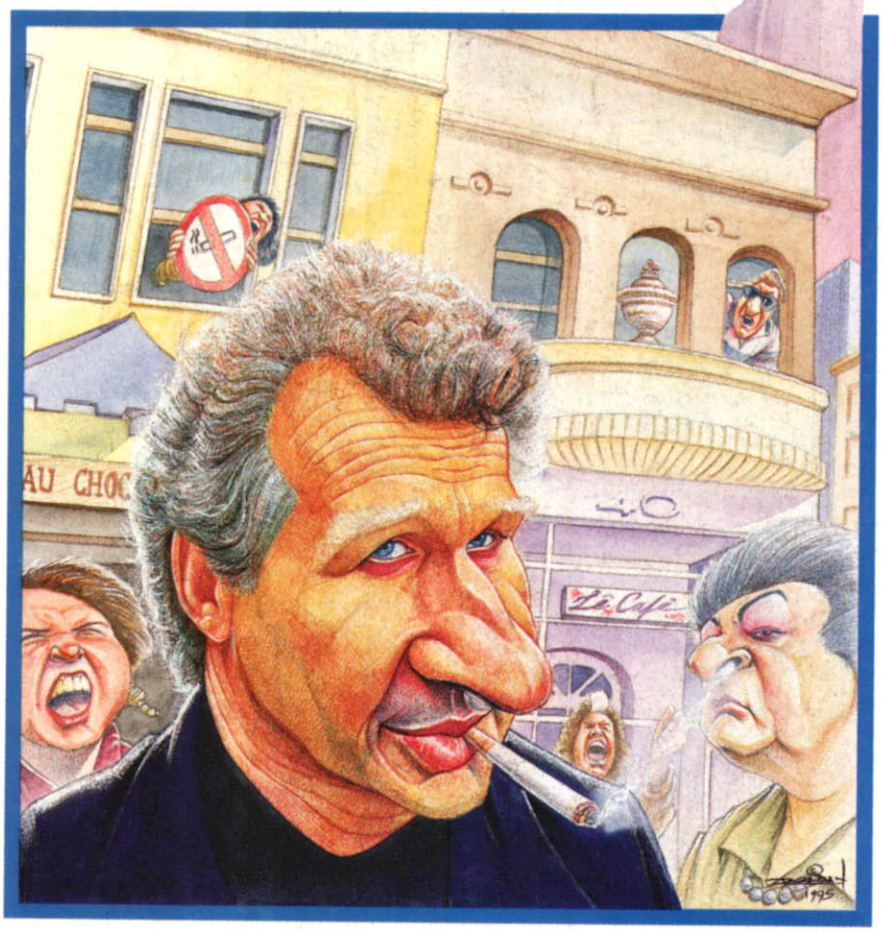

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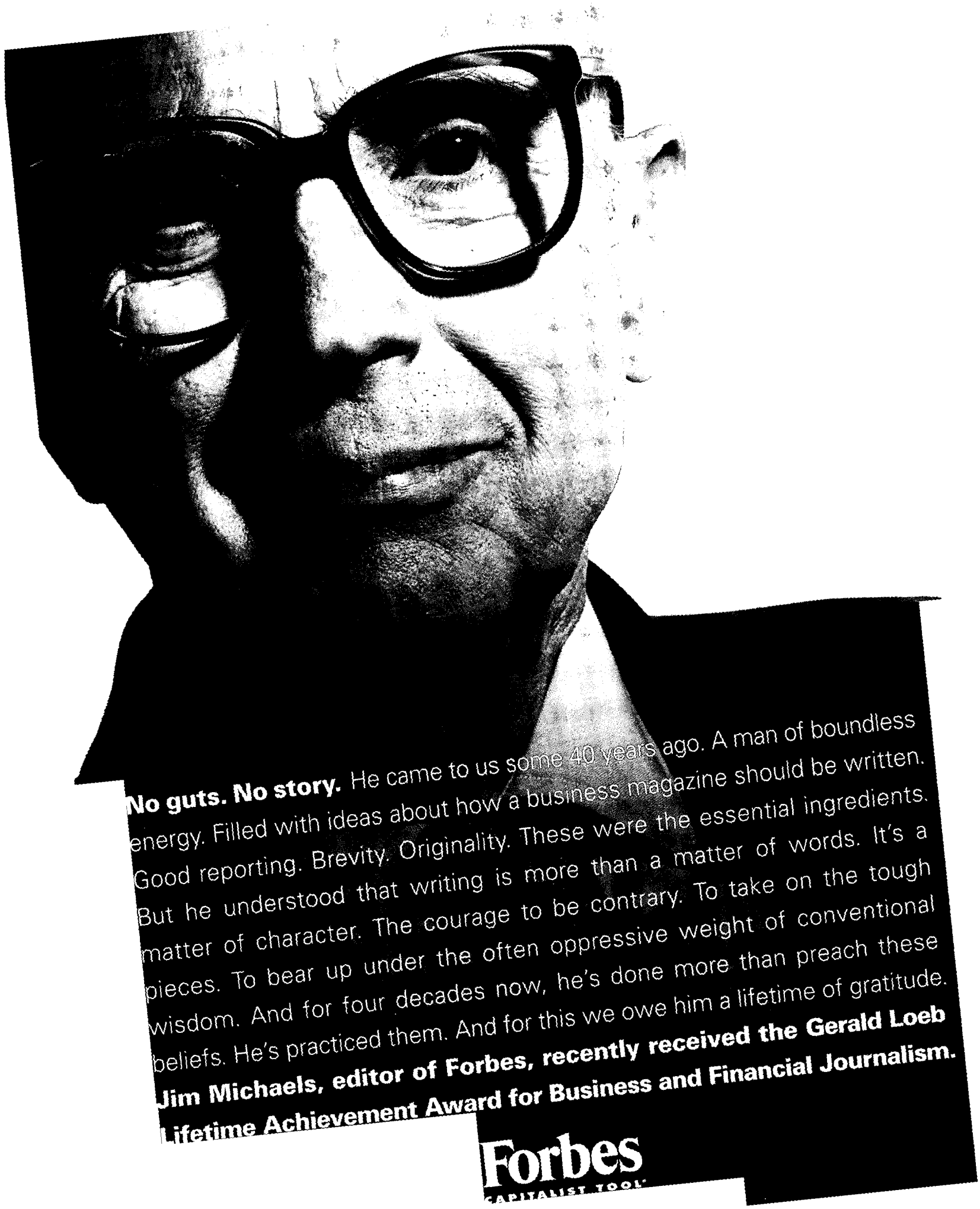
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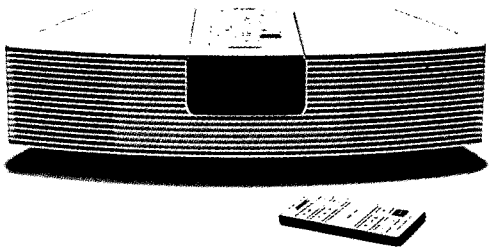

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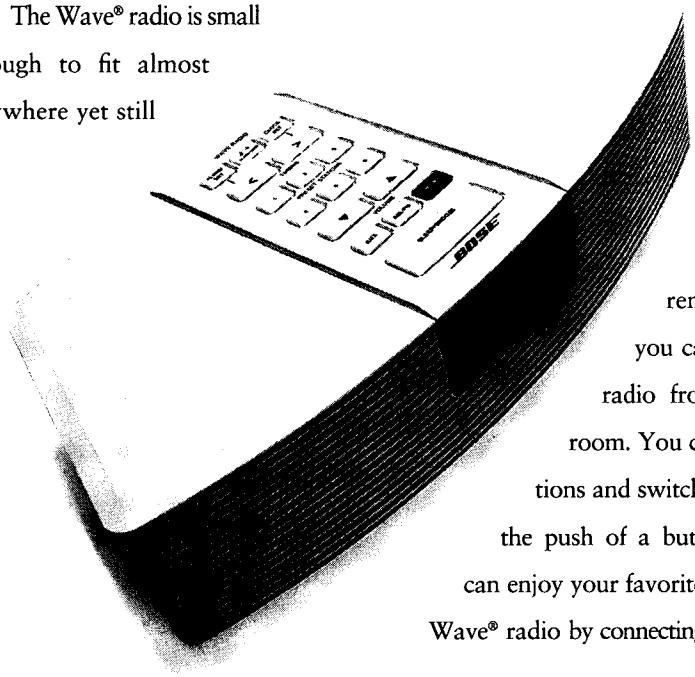

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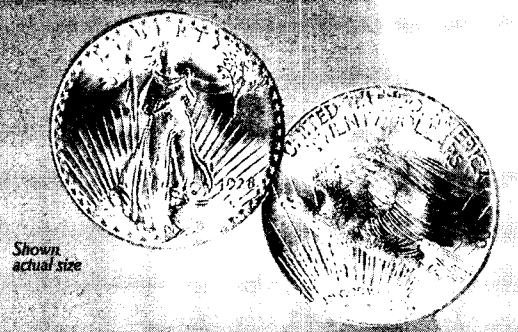

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ABOUT THIS MONTH

by

Wladyslaw Pleszczynski

LAST TIME I CHECKED he was still talking, droning on well into the night in the most excruciatingly embarrassing State of the Union address on record. It gave him all the bounce of a water balloon crashing into pavement. Though I must say, I admired his panache, particularly the way he looked into the teleprompters as if he were admiring himself in the mirror. He went for broke, and emerged more broken then ever. Listen to some of his highlights, tracked down after an endless slog through marshes and thickets and mudlands of text:

• "We should suspend driver's licenses, track them across state lines, make them work off what they owe," he said about deadbeat parents—this from a president whose Justice Department is suing states that won't allow such people to register to vote when they apply for a driver's license in the first place. The government giveth, and the government taketh away, I guess.

• He's not one to blame welfare recipients or anyone else for past transgressions. "All of us have made our mistakes and none of us can change our yesterdays," he said, "but every one of us can change our tomorrows." Sounds like someone who wishes Whitewater—and only he knows what else—would go away. (On page 43, James Ring Adams explains why none of it will.)

• "You know, tonight, this is the first State of the Union Address ever delivered since the beginning of the Cold War when not a single Russian missile is pointed at the children of America." That's because, thanks to his bankrupt Yeltsin policy, they're pointed at the children of Chechnya. (See Jonas Bernstein, page 40, for a report on the coming Russian calamity.) He's also the first president to describe America's fight against Nazi Germany and Imperial Japan as "our country's great struggle against fascism," a usage his wife probably taught him via "Methodist theologian" Carl Oglesby (see Mark D. Tooley, page 48).

• A year ago he waved the pen with which he would veto anything short of nationalized health care. This year he waved a white flag, and acknowledged that "we bit off more than we could chew." Readers of Byron York's seminal look at the Clinton Health Care Task Force papers (see page 20) will wonder whether that "we" includes Hillary Clinton and Ira Magaziner—and whether the 104th Congress can do any health-care business at all with these bunglers and dissemblers.

• When all else fails, fall back on your favorite image of yourself as hunk: "When I visited Northern California last week, a woman came up to me and did something that very few of you would do." Then brag about the AmeriCorps boondoggle by leeringly introducing a Kentucky blonde who married in her teens and make it sound as if she had her four kids before she turned 20.

• End on the most transparently self-serving note imaginable. "This is a very, very great country," he said without turning red, "and our best days are still to come." As John Corry notes in the insight of the year so far (see page 46), there's a reason the president has been consulting with New Age gurus at Camp David. I won't give Corry away here, but it has something to do with finding confirmation in self-delusion.

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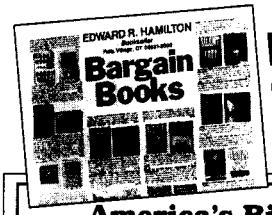

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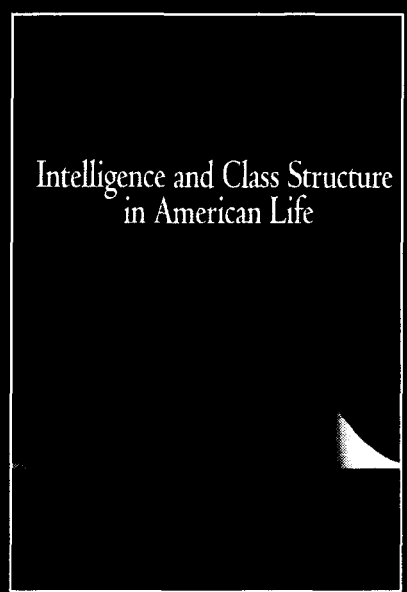
***The New York Times* is worried: "has he gone too far?"**



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- IQ and crime ... illegitimacy ... divorce ... welfare ... unemployment
- Group IQ averages and educational achievement compared: whites, blacks, Asians, Latinos, Jews, males, females
- Reality vs. hype: the failure of Head Start and other preschool programs to raise IQ and academic performance
- How an expanding federal government harms those with low IQs. What society can do – and once did – to help the less intelligent
- Myth: IQ tests are culturally and racially biased. Their uncanny ability to predict academic achievement and job performance, based on decades of evidence
- How "heritable" is IQ? The contribution of environment and education
- Do environment and history account for the poor performance of blacks in American society?
- How affirmative action actually hinders black achievement
- The emerging white underclass: low intelligence, low morals, low income – and a social time bomb
- The best preschool program for maximizing IQ: loving parents, healthy families. Reasons
- The coming "custodial state": a chilling picture of a probable future

Cause of the breakdown: declining morals.
Cure: return to the old ways

The conclusion is inescapable: traditional morals – reinforced in law, popular culture and social policy – must guide the kind of decisions that make sense for all people, whatever their IQs. The alternative is a new, horrible brand of class warfare. And, maybe, complete social breakdown.

"Inflammatory. Some will say it should have been left unpublished. Others will praise the courage of the authors. It will infuriate many. It will persuade others. In my personal view the book, right or wrong, will influence the agenda for public policy debates for years to come." – J.W. Michaels, Editor, FORBES.

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As the Hillary crowd prepares to make another run at health-care reform, a newly released cache of confidential memos reveals what the first plan really involved.

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Thanks to friendly merchants in the Clinton administration, Peking is stocking up on hi-tech arms at bargain-basement prices—and Bill Clinton and Ron Brown could care less.

Cover illustration by Ismael Roldán. Interior art by Ismael Roldán and John Springs.

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• January! The first month of the year, and what a month it was for the Boy President and his lovely wife Bruno. There was Renaissance Weekend abundant with the Immensities. There was a duck hunt down home in Arkansas, where he picked off two ducks with a borrowed gun from forty yards beyond the gun's effective range. Good shooting, Mr. President! And he golfed, though not as well as North Korea's Dear Leader Kim Jong-Il, who during a recent round scored five holes-in-one for an overall score of thirty-four for eighteen holes, twenty-four strokes lower than the present world record. Then our big lovable lug of a president went off to prepare his State of the Union speech, delivered on January 24. During it he became a Republican just like those who won the November election. The Boy President had almost as good a month as the gifted left-wing syndicated columnist, broadcast pundit, and heiress to the intellectual crown of Miss Susan Sontag, Julianne Malveaux. Whilst covering Mr. Newt Gingrich's maiden speech as Speaker of the House for Pacifica Radio, she agreed with another left-wing genius who called in to point out that stupid Newt had misattributed the line "the only thing we have to fear is fear itself" to Franklin Roosevelt when everyone knows the line was Winston Churchill's. Ha, ha, ha, laughed Miss Malveaux, and so did the male moron doing the commentary with her. Then nervous silence. Then in his intellectually superior intonation, her sidekick at the microphone opined that, yes, apparently FDR did use that line. Think of it, today's left can not even remember one of the most famous lines of one of Liberalism's most famous men! And Boy Clinton has become a Republican. Who doubts Liberalism has gone the way of the dodo?

• Homosexuals can point to shocking events in the Sudan as evidence of heterosexuality's potential for endangering public safety. In Khartoum, Sudan, a honeymooning man was arrested and his newly-wed wife detained after the man hijacked an aeroplane in hopes of flying the young couple to Cairo for a "real good time." After the man (unidentified) surrendered to officials in Port Sudan (an exquisitely seedy Third World hell hole on the Red Sea), Culture and Information Minister Dr. Abdel-Basit Sabdrat (pronounced sandbag) explained that the hijacker wanted to take his bride to Cairo and "knew of no other way to take her there."

• Anxiety fevers the British left, particularly its journalists, in the aftermath of former KGB undercover agent Oleg Gordievski's vow to publish the names of British leftwingers who were in the pay of the Soviet Union during the Cold War. Already Mr. Richard Gott, a Soviet apologist, has departed the left-wing *Guardian* after the *Spectator* of London exposed him as having been "an agent of influence" for the Soviets. Described by himself as "a mellow traveler" and by his obviously idiotic editor Mr. Peter Preston as "a free spirit," Gott had in years past joked it up with Mr. Che Guevara's Communist guerrillas in the Bolivian jungles and he was the first journalist to get a peek at Mr. Guevara after the Castroite killer was transformed into a corpse by Bolivian police. Upon the death of East Germany's beloved dictator, Mr. Erich Honecker, Mr. Gott wrote an emotional defense of the old jokester. Now, according to London's *Sunday Telegraph*, free spirit Gott has "gone to ground." In Friendsville, Maryland, Mayor Spencer R. Schlosnagle, 30, has sought "counseling." Mr. Schlosnagle is the dynamic political prodigy whose support among the Friendsville electorate has been unwavering despite repeated charges and convictions for indecent exposure. Hopes that the young mayor's compulsion might stem from some exaggerated populist notion of full disclosure were dashed, however, when he was indicted for giving way to his solitary compulsion out on I-68 in Allegheny County, where he could not hope to find a vote.

• Worldwide feminism suffered a setback of a scientific nature, when Dr. Manfred Schartl of the University of Wurzburg revealed his findings that the Amazon Molly is as dependent on male help in reproduction as the British Royal family. Hitherto it was believed that this exclusively female species of fish reproduced independent of male assistance and could serve as a precursor to male-free feminists in future generations. Possibly such feminists could even be given land in the continental United States in which they might establish a feminist utopia. There men would be *persona non grata* or kept on dairy farms for the production of milk.

• Through much of the month Russian artillery pounded Grozny, the capital of Chechnya, and on January 19, they finally raised the Russian flag over the capital after one of the Russian army's most discreditable performances since the Napoleonic invasion of Mother Russia. So badly did the Russian military perform that, *à la* Czar Alexander I's strategy against Napoleon, some analysts expected President Boris Yeltsin to order his generals to burn Moscow. The first-ever war between Islam and the forces of worldwide sex education loomed large in January when the government of Pakistan sustained an unanticipated affront from the Swedes. Three thoroughbred race horses sent by the Pakistanis to Sweden's Royal Mounted Guard were summarily slaughtered and burned by Swedish authorities who feared the horses might be ill, though tests had found no diseases. The slaughter elicited banner headlines in Islamabad, excoriating the Swedes for not returning the horses, and for several days no Volvo was safe.

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• In Norway, the Scandinavian welfare state broke new ground when Dr. Ingvard Wilhelmsen announced the opening of a hospital for hypochondriacs in Bergen. Back in the United States, the *Los Angeles Times* praised retired general Norman Shwarzkopf for leading American men in "overcoming reluctance" to discuss the heretofore undiscussable. Explaining why his prostate cancer was almost not detected, the hero of the Gulf War asseverated that "when you are a general the doctors don't tend to do a thorough digital rectal exam." Professor Murray Rothbard, the libertarian economist and philosopher of freedom, died unexpectedly. Mr. Eugene P. Wigner, winner of the Nobel prize for physics and advocate of nuclear power, died. And the *Washington Post* displayed monarchist tendencies when it reported the death of Rose Kennedy, mother of John, Robert, and Edward, in a front-page obituary that covered five columns above the fold. In London the Royal Family can expect no more; and, taking one tabloid story with another, it has produced no better. Mr. Ken Frank, a Welsh pubkeeper, has had his deathbed request answered. His body has been cremated and his ashes will remain in an egg-timer on the bar or until some oaf sneezes.

• In Anchorage, Alaska, a female moose went on a rampage at the University of Alaska that left one man dead and a professor furious. The moose was destroyed, but not before it gave Alaska Department of Fish and Game officials "evidence of ill-disposition." The evidence is Mr. Myung Chin Ra, and he was 71 at his death. Dr. Joycelyn Elders returned to her $105,000 sinecure at the University of Arkansas for Medical Sciences. And in Cairo, Egypt, Dr. Mahmoud el-Sheeti took offense at an Egyptian television commercial for cookies that depicted the late Mr. Adolf Hitler unflatteringly. Wrote Mr. el-Sheeti to the Egyptian newspaper *Al Ahram*: "Millions of Egyptians who remember World War II are dismayed by an advertisement which makes fun of one of this century's immortal politicians."

• On the culture beat, Peking's mayor Mr. Li Qitan has declared the winner in the city's Great Public Toilet Design Contest. The winning design is a cement structure with a "slightly upswept roof line in vaguely Chinese style," done by a young woman from the Peking Institute of Architectural Design and Research whose name has been held from the public for obvious reasons. The curse that has followed him around the world continued when Mr. Billy Joel came to Osaka, Japan, just hours before Japan was hit by its most destructive quake since 1923. In the recent past Joel arrived in Moscow just as that city went into political upheaval and in Berlin just as fifty years of Communist reforms came a-cropper. Mr. Joel is a progressive. Finally, just days after the J. Gordon Coogler Award for 1995's Worst Book of the Year was given in the pages of this magazine to *Strange Justice: The Selling of Justice Clarence Thomas,* the incondite collection of lies, deceits, and unwarranted slanders was nominated for the National Book Critics Circle award. The members of the National Book Critics Circle were not even nominating it as the hoax that it is. These hansdoodles seemed to like the book!

—RET

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The Jane and Jill Letters

Readers may be wondering what, if anything, Jane Mayer and Jill Abramson have done in response to David Brock's review of their recent book Strange Justice: The Selling of Clarence Thomas *("Strange Lies,"* TAS, *January 1995). So far, other than the two brief letters to Mr. Brock printed below, we have not heard from them, though we continue to hold out hope that they will send in a serious rebuttal. For the record, Mayer and Abramson's claim that Mr. Brock supposedly told them that* "The American Spectator *has no intention of printing our rebuttal" is, as we said in a letter to them, preposterous, "inasmuch as we do not model ourselves on the* New Yorker." *(The* New Yorker *is the publication that declined to give Mr. Brock space to reply to the Mayer-Abramson review of his book* The Real Anita Hill *that it ran back in 1993.)* —Ed.

Your purported "re-reporting" of our book consisted of trying to bully our sources into recanting. When that failed, you then made up negative statements that they tell us they never made.

Your review is built on the errors that have become your hallmark. There are such a dizzying number that it is fruitless to enumerate them all—particularly since you have already told us that *The American Spectator* has no intention of printing our rebuttal. You write that we never interviewed sources with whom we've talked repeatedly and you have us meeting with people we've never laid eyes on.

It is particularly egregious, since we were happy to oblige your request for an interview, that you didn't bother to ask about most of the outlandish claims in your article. Your gross mischaracterization of your dealings with Kaye Savage and her purported statements about our book is but one item you didn't dare raise in the terse written questions you sent us in lieu of an interview.

Suffice it to say that from the beginning (with your "out to lunch" claim that we had some secret, earlier interview with Anita Hill, which we clearly informed you, before your article was published, never took place) to the end (Abramson is not an attorney, a fact you could have easily checked had you bothered to ask) your piece is entirely false. This is sham journalism. But it's exactly the kind of faux investigative reporting that we've come to expect from you and *The American Spectator.*

—Jane Mayer and Jill Abramson
The Wall Street Journal
Washington, D.C.

After Mr. Brock wrote back requesting specific examples of the errors he's accused of (Ms. Abramson, incidentally, if not a practicing attorney, is a graduate of the Harvard Law School), he received this reply:

We see absolutely nothing productive about continuing this tedious exchange of accusations. We have all made our differing points, we have all received copious attention, and we are all busy people. Moreover, after falsely likening us to Janet Cooke, a woman who was notoriously fired and drummed out of the profession for fabricating a news account, you can't possibly be serious in bellyaching that it is your reputation which has been injured by our response to your completely wreckless [sic] attack.

—Jane Mayer and Jill Abramson
The Wall Street Journal
Washington, D.C.

The Artful Kunstler

I have just read Joe Queenan's review of my book, *Radical Lawyer*, which appeared in your December issue. While its vitriol is wholly in keeping with your publication's political bent, its sheer unfairness and inaccuracy make me wonder whether both he and you have abandoned all pretense at honest journalism.

While I have no intellectual objection to Mr. Queenan's characterization of my recent docket as composed of "worthless causes," he seems quite unaware of most of the cases that compose it. Having just obtained acquittals for a security guard accused of attempted murder while defending the Drug Enforcement Agency's Manhattan parking lot against a suspected terrorist, and a youthful Russian immigrant charged with an assault on an off-duty Transit Authority police officer who had just shot his companion to death, it is difficult to understand what evidence he considered in reaching his appraisal.

As for "cashing checks from mobsters and terrorists," he should know by now that I did not charge for any services rendered to John Gotti and the Islamic fundamentalists indicted in connection with the World Trade Center bombing and the alleged conspiracy to blow up such New York City landmarks as the Holland Tunnel and the U.N. Building. There are serious constitutional issues involved in such cases and I am always reminded of Justice Felix Frankfurter's perceptive observation that much of the law buttressing civil liberties in this country "grew out of cases where the last names of the defendant ended in vowels." In representing the man accused of aiding and abetting the Nazi saboteurs who landed in Florida and Long Island during World War II, Judge Harold Medina refused to make public the fact that he had been court-appointed so as not to prejudice his client.

The spirited defense of our pariahs has resulted in the creation of an imposing block of constitutional law, unique in the world's jurisprudence. While its principles are not always fairly applied, particularly in periods of national hysteria, that is hardly the fault of the many American lawyers, most of them quite unsung, who have dared to pick up the cudgels for those detested by most of their contemporaries. Rather than ridicule me, Mr. Queenan would far better serve his journalistic reputation by not jettisoning accuracy in abject obeisance to the antediluvian political views of your publication.

—William M. Kunstler
New York, New York

More Jane and Jill

I am writing in regards to Mr. Brock's article "Strange Lies" (*TAS*, January 1995) and the line in it describing how Ms. Anita Hill met a certain person—Bradley Mims. Mr. Brock states that Ms. Hill met Mr. Mims "in 1982 in a night class for federal employees who wished to improve their writing skills." This tidbit of information to me is unbelievable! You mean to tell me that a person with an undergraduate degree, a law degree—from Yale University, no less—and work

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experience as an associate attorney at a prestigious Washington, D.C. law firm had to attend night school taught by a government bureaucrat to improve her writing skills!

I guess on second thought Ms. Hill is a victim. Not a victim of sexual harassment at the hands of Justice Thomas but a victim of the U.S. higher education system.

I graduated from law school and do not recall ever having a law professor who had to attend night school to improve his or her writing skills. I wonder if the law students at the University of Oklahoma "lucky" enough to have her as a professor know of this fact?

—John R. Swisher
Columbus, Ohio

David Brock has put the brakes on the rumor mills that are directed toward irrevocably linking Thomas with depravity in Washington the way Fatty Arbuckle was associated with debauchery in Hollywood in the 1920s. . . .

—James O'Neill, M.D.
Bay Shore, New York

I have finally discovered why I cannot call myself a conservative: Conservatives are mean-spirited.

Your January 1995 issue is an example of how so many conservatives seek not only to make their point, but also to insult and belittle those with whom they disagree. Despite my accusation, you are not alone. I have observed this type of behavior by college conservatives when, as an undergraduate, I would read the *Dartmouth Review*.

There are several instances in which I believe your January publication crosses the line of good taste. The first is the cover. Why must you depict Jane Mayer and Jill Abramson as dogs pulling at Justice Clarence Thomas's robe? David Brock's article presumably is a fact-based critique of Ms. Mayer and Ms. Abramson's book. If that is the focus of the article then there is no need to insult the two writers, who are arguably your colleagues in the field of journalism.

The second example of the mean-spirited approach is the About This Month column by managing editor Wladyslaw Pleszczynski. Mr. Pleszczynski, in defending former United States Senator John Danforth, describes two other United States senators as "mendacious" and "untrustworthy." This lack of respect for these men who have served in the United States Senate and even run for the presidency is appalling. . . .

—Eric H. Kearney
Cincinnati, Ohio

This past November, I had the distinct pleasure of spending Thanksgiving with my aunt and uncle in Brandon, Mississippi. (My uncle, an Army Ranger who volunteered with British Commandos prior to U.S. entry into WWII, was captured in North Africa and remained a POW until his escape in 1945. They both love *TAS*!)

On my drive south from St. Louis somewhere in western Tennessee, or Kentucky, I noticed an old, gray dilapidated barn about 75 yards from the interstate. Nailed tightly to its door was the moth-eaten pelt of some luckless and barely-distinguishable varmint.

After reading David Brock's review of *Strange Justice* I was reminded of that pelt by its similarity to whatever tatters remain of the journalistic reputations of authors Mayer and Abramson at the hands of Mr. Brock.

—Earl Holt III
St. Louis, Missouri

I agree with David Brock. That juicy retroactive Borking of Justice Thomas last November has become the *Wall Street Journal*'s Janet Cooke affair.

—Richmond B. Sullivan
Arlington, Virginia

Early in December it was my good fortune to hear David Brock on Chicago Talk Radio. His comments and references to his then-forthcoming article in *TAS* had me more excited in anticipation of the January issue than a child counting the days before Christmas! As a regular subscriber to *The American Spectator*, neither Mr. Brock's name nor his work was new to me. During early December I took up arms, well at least my p.c., against CNN because of Mr. Al Hunt's "Capital Gang" attack on the professional credentials of Ms. Mona Charen and Mr. Brock.

Mr. Hunt's outrages took the form of *ad hominem* attacks on Mr. Brock and Ms. Charen in his defense of Mayer-Abramson as "meticulous" reporters. In effect, Mr. Hunt angrily denounced both Ms. Charen and Mr. Brock as journalistic incompe-

(continued on page 69)

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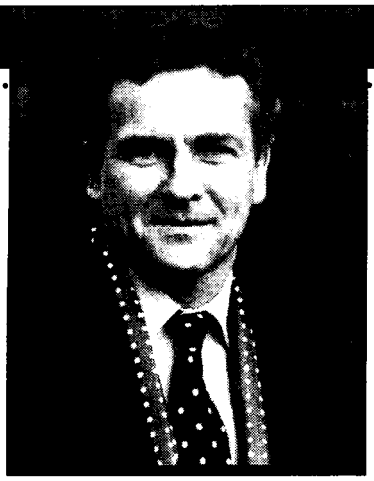

The Worst Book of the Year

by R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr.

It is that felicitous time of year when the geniuses of American culture are notified of the winners of the J. Gordon Coogler Award for the Worst Book of the Year. Most of the geniuses can then relax. These are not the 1950s when the ghosts of Faulkner and Hemingway were still about. When Copland and Thompson could still compose a lilt, and the old man, Frost, was at work. These are the 1990s, and American culture is anesthetized by mediocrities and thousands of frauds. Every one of these wretches is capable of writing a very bad book and thus knows that the day could come when he might be recognized as author of the Worst Book of the Year.

Naturally, this year's Coogler Laureates are highly celebrated national figures. When their book came out, the *Chicago Tribune* termed it "CONVINCING." *Newsweek* opted for "ENGROSSING." *Time* thundered, "MORE DETAILED AND CONVINCING THAN ANYTHING THAT HAS APPEARED SO FAR." The winners of the 1995 J. Gordon Coogler Award for the Worst Book of the Year are Jane Mayer and Jill Abramson for their inept and tedious defamation of Supreme Court Justice Clarence Thomas, *Strange Justice: The Selling of Clarence Thomas.* This is the publishing sensation that endeavored to paint Thomas as a flagrant harasser of women, most famously of Anita Hill. It depicts him as a slave to pornography and a perjurer. According to *Newsweek,* the book's value beyond its "compelling" readability is in the psychological portrait it draws of Clarence Thomas. He emerges as a man driven but full of self-loathing, deathly afraid that he will be exposed as a fraud.

This year the members of the Coogler Prize Committee wish to express special gratitude to David Brock, author of *The Real Anita Hill.* He has endured much rudeness from the members of America's cultural herd, particularly from this year's Coogler Laureates. His excellent study of Miss Hill showed her to be a liar who falsely charged an innocent man with lewdness generally practiced by the liberated donkeys of the Sexual Revolution, another progressive innovation that the Liberals have quietly abandoned. Brock got no credit for his book from the bovine intelligentsia, though well over 100,000 readers bought it. In fact, Mayer and Abramson pounced on it with all eight hooves in the *New Yorker.*

They had reason to be angry, for Brock's exposé of Hill made the book they had underway unfeasible. They had hoped to depict the Hill-Thomas hearings as a triumph for Hill and heroic American feminism. These women are adept deceivers, but Brock had come up with such irrefragable evidence of Hill's dishonesty and stupidity that Mayer and Abramson had to turn their work-in-progress into an exposé of Thomas. The November publication of their book was greeted by the culture as a marvelous moment. Within twenty-four hours, ABC featured it on "Turning Point," "Nightline," and "Good Morning America." It received the aforementioned accolades, and the *Wall Street Journal,* Mayer and Abramson's employer, published excerpts of the book.

This is where the Coogler Committee's debt to Brock begins. He read the *Wall Street Journal* excerpt. Shortly thereafter he noticed that it was in conflict with one of the ABC interviews of Mayer and Abramson's chief "witness" against Thomas. Then he read the book and found it riddled with deceptions, lies, and mul-

Adapted from RET's weekly Washington Times *column syndicated by Creators Syndicate.*

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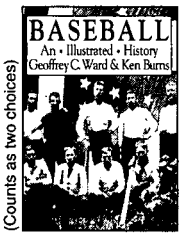

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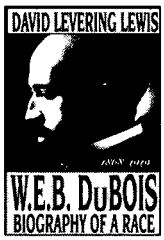

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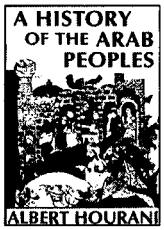

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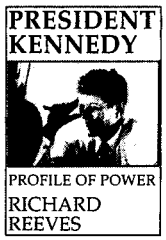

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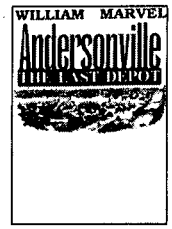

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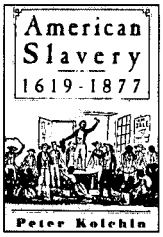

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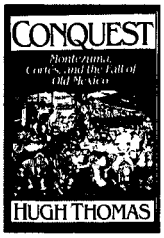

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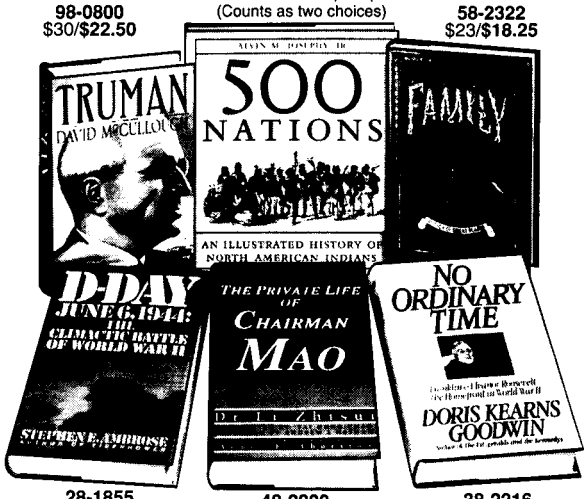

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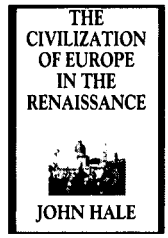

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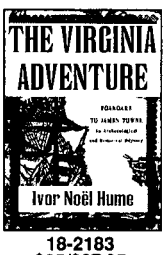

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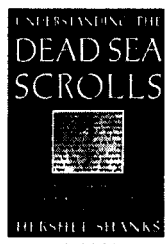

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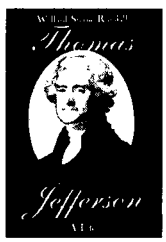

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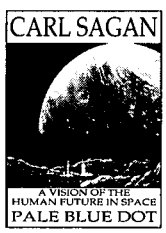

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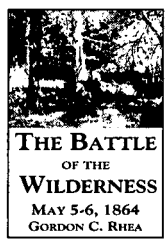

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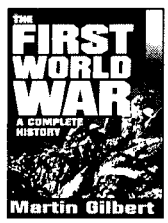

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titudes of factual errors—some quite funny. In a 22,000-word review for *The American Spectator* Brock came to the judgment that *Strange Justice* relied "on fake evidence, doctored quotes, and unreported hearsay." He called it "the publishing hoax of the decade." The book supposedly unveils new witnesses who reported Thomas's misdeeds to Mayer and Abramson, one being that he collected *Playboy* magazine and kept *Playboy* centerfolds on his apartment's walls—and there goes *Playboy*, another progressive enthusiasm that the Liberals have apparently abandoned.

Conferring the J. Gordon Coogler Award on a writer is rarely seen as an act of kindness. Yet this year it might be. In bookstores all around the Republic, mountains of Mayer and Abramson's books remain almost untouched. They stand in mute testimony to the average American's sense of fair play, critical mind, and weariness with the excesses of feminism. Now that the book has won the Coogler it is possible that Americans possessed of a sense of history—and, equally important, a sense of the absurd—might buy the book as a keepsake, proof that American culture in the 1990s was in the hands of philistines and humbugs.

It truly is. After Brock's review unmasked *Strange Justice* as a hoax, not one of the cultural geniuses who had raved about the book revised his judgment or even mentioned Brock's work, not even to anathematize. They shy away from criticism. Their most tried-and-true intellectual standard is censorship, which is nothing new. ❐

Wave Good-bye

Something called the Higher Education Research Institute (HERI) has unveiled its findings and Americans are supposed to be alarmed. I, for one, am not, and I hope you will relax, too. According to the HERI, this year's college freshmen are less interested and involved in politics than ever before. Well, why should they not be less interested in politics than ever before? Even our leading politicians seem less interested in politics than ever before.

The newspapers abound with stories about how political leaders are turning to New Age gurus, futurist thought (if "thought" be the right noun), and other such retreats from reality. As might be expected, the Clintons are leading the flight. After all, reality has been most unfriendly to the Clintons, and the serene way they fib suggests reality impinges on them only infrequently anyway. But now it appears that even Speaker Gingrich is departing reality for seances with the Tofflers of *Wave* fame. And last January 9, House Budget Committee Chairman John R. Kasich—a Republican—handed a session on budget-balancing over to a team of "creative consultants," who had been shipped in from some dark corner of Cincinnati to incite new ideas on the grisly business of the budget.

Their technique transcended anything Milton Friedman, Lord Keynes, or even Dr. Marx ever thought of. In the chambers of the House Budget Committee, these idiots essayed to provoke "new ideas" by holding a five-minute "Nerfball" fight. Their boomboxes blared James Brown's "I Feel Good" and musical sludge from *Good Morning, Vietnam*, featuring such lines as "We're gonna boogaloo till we puke." I believe there is a physiological inconsistency in that line, but the assembled quacks did not seem to know much about budgets or economics either. Their "new ideas" included selling corporate advertising on postage stamps and a "National Bingo Lottery" to pay for Medicare.

The Republicans' idiocy could have left me longing for the days of Democratic dominance on Capitol Hill. The Democrats may have been grafters and spendthrifts, but at least these are adult pursuits. Compared to Nerfball fights, there is a dignity to graft and corruption. But then there is the sobering spectacle of the Clintons and their recent antics. I suppose I shall stick with the Republicans or, perhaps, go the way of HERI's college freshmen—a pox on politics.

Apparently Bill has de-emphasized pollster Stan Greenberg and political schemers Begala & Carville for consultations with "personal growth" wizards. Hillary, too, is on this wavelength. Both are refurbishing their very selves. Over the holidays and unbeknownst to his political staff, Boy Clinton had one Anthony Robbins out to Camp David, to spin filigrees of pishposh around our impressionable president. Robbins has been an advocate of "fire walks." He has found them to be helpful in building "positive thinking" and diligence, and in removing bunions, though fire walks would pose a hazard to the boogalooing Republicans over at the New Age House Budget Committee.

How seriously Our President is taking Robbins I do not know, but it is also reported that he has invited in a "psycho-historian" to review the psychological turbulence encountered by historic figures. What was it like to be Napoleon at Waterloo or Custer at the Little Big Horn or Mrs. O'Leary's Cow midst the great Chicago fire? Bill needs to know. He has also availed himself to one of Newt Gingrich's gurus, Stephen Covey, author of *The Seven Habits of Highly Effective People.* As for the lovely Hillary, she has been consulting with a guru from Hollywood, Marianne Williamson, who bills herself the "bitch for God." Reportedly, Mrs. Clinton has lunched with this improbable figure and allowed her to sleep in the Lincoln Bedroom. Well, if Mary Todd Lincoln could sleep there, why not the "bitch for God"?

But enough of this flight into the absurd. And enough of Speaker Gingrich's frenzied perpetual motion in front of the TV cameras. In the beginning of the last century, British members of Parliament retired for the afternoon into their libraries to read the classics and prepare their minds for the next day's governance. Doubtless many of our Federalists and Democrats did the same. Over the next decades the British brought civilization to a quarter of the globe. We civilized a continent and transformed a British colony into a melting pot for the go-getters of the world. Now the heirs to Madison and Jefferson frivol with charlatans and read self-help books by lightweights. Our college freshmen are right to avert their gaze from this depressing scene. ❐

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Bomber Bonior

by Tom Bethell

Ever since computers began retrieving phrases from data banks, intriguingly lopsided statistics have emerged from the media morass. In recent years, for example, the phrase "religious right" has appeared 750 times in the *New York Times*, "religious left" 16 times. (In the *Washington Post* the comparable figures are 676 and 15.) The imbalance might lead us to suppose that the "religious left" is an inconspicuous force in American life, the "religious right" a massive presence. No doubt that is precisely the message journalists want to convey. But as David Frum has pointed out, the religious right has lost every battle it has waged in recent years. The religious left is, to a considerable extent, the reigning liberal heterodoxy.

It has certainly been a more potent force in American life than the media usage suggests. Unlike the religious right, the religious left does not intrude the supernatural into politics. Its message, secular on the surface, is pure (American-style) liberalism, minus the interest-group politics. It seeks "community" (communalism, commune-ism) and disapproves of inequality so strongly that God Him- or Herself is suspected of having botched the Creation. The conspicuously unequal distribution of gifts, talents, and handicaps that we see in the world is a major source of scandal to the religious left. And so it must be leveled out by income redistribution, redressed by affirmative action, corrected by barrier-free access.

This bitter preoccupation with inequality, and antagonism toward the productive that accompanies it, is more a religious than a secular obsession; not so much the outlook of atheists as of those who deplore God's handiwork. (Atheists tend to be more easy-going and laissez-faire, in my experience.) The religious left has paraded through history in the garb of heresy—Gnostics, Manicheans, Cathars, Albigensians. Guilt is nationalized. America suffers from the "original sin" of racial oppression, says Jim Wallis, a left-wing evangelical and the founding editor of *Sojourners*. "The world isn't working," he adds, sounding the pure Gnostic note. The late Mitch Snyder, who used the homeless as a battering ram in his campaign against America, was a true (although extreme) leader of the religious left.

In the political arena, members of the religious left are rarely identified. Journalism is itself swamped by preachers of the egalitarian faith, more eager to attack their enemies than praise their friends. Nonetheless, an important representative of the religious left today is Rep. David Bonior of Michigan, the minority whip in the House of Representatives. His unsmiling visage has been seen quite a lot on television recently, criticizing "the rich" in general or Newt Gingrich in particular. It may be worth taking a brief look at him. (In the course of working on this article, at least ten phone calls were made to the minority whip's office. On one occasion the press secretary, Gretchen Kline, did come to the phone. She said she had sent off a packet of information on Bonior—which has not yet arrived.)

Elected to the House of Representatives in 1976, Bonior will be 50 in June. His district is said by the *Detroit Free Press* to be the "nationally watched ground zero for the original Reagan Democrats." In the unpropitious year of 1992, Bush beat Clinton in the district by five percentage points. In the same year, a conservative evangelical, state senator Doug Carl, did well against Bonior, holding him to 53 percent of the vote. Carl was outspent five to one, and as he sees it Bonior was saved by a last-minute $500,000 PAC-financed media buy. Bonior doesn't like big business, but big labor has been his salvation. The GOP "represents the wealthy in this country," he says. Such class warfare has done wonders for his campaign finances.

Once an ice-storm killed trees in Macomb County, and Bonior turned it into a campaign gimmick. "Every time there was an election," Doug Carl told me, "you would see him on TV back here in Michigan passing out these seedlings. He would visit schools and he had Smokey the Bear with him showing how to prevent forest fires, even though we don't have any forests in Macomb County." How about the new Bonior—scourge of Newt? "When you are the incumbent and have a lot of money and not strong opposition," Carl said, "you can afford to be the nice guy, but now he's taking on this role as the gut fighter. It's out of character. I don't think the new Bonior will wear well." The *Washington Post* seems to feels the same way. Early in January the paper worried about his shrillness ("Bonior Barks at the Capitol's New Masters"). His tactics "could turn the second ranking House Democrat into a fiercely despised bit player."

Like President Clinton, Bonior has spent almost all his adult life on the public payroll. Having attended the University of Iowa on a football scholarship, he became an adoption case-worker, then joined the Air Force, where he stayed stateside for four years (mostly working as a cook, in one account). In 1973 he was elected to the Michigan House of Representatives. A series of unexpected leadership tumbles, in part engineered by Newt Gingrich, cleared the path for Bonior's rise in the U.S. Congress; Jim Wright and Tony Coelho fell, and then Bill Gray unexpectedly resigned to head the United Negro

Tom Bethell is The American Spectator*'s Washington correspondent.*

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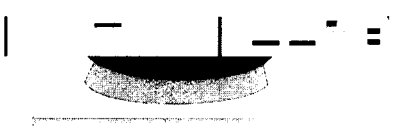

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College Fund. Bonior impressed colleagues with his earnestness, his personal austerity, then truly amazed them by predicting the exact vote (160) he would receive in his whip contest against Steny Hoyer of Maryland. He was prominent in the fight against Nafta, but less accurate in saying at one point that he had the votes to defeat it.

Today, with his whip's salary of $148,400 a year and a solid haul of union dues flowing into his re-election coffers, he doesn't have to worry about money in the way that the average blue-collar worker in Macomb County does. One might say that he has done well by doing good—not for the first time in the history of American liberalism, of course. Now he will be doing his best to block the Republican agenda. The interesting question is whether he will oppose tax cuts—a position that would infuriate the workers in his district, who wouldn't mind being allowed to spend more of their own money.

The press never fails to note Bonior's soft-spoken earnestness. An aide told the *Washington Post* that he speaks "but three words a day." He's a Catholic, a former seminarian, a social worker; in conversation he invokes the names of Walter Reuther and Cesar Chavez. His grandmother, an immigrant from the Ukraine, was a suffragette; his grandfather, an auto worker. His father ran a one-man print shop, held a county job, and was elected mayor of East Detroit. Then one day Bonior learned that his father had been laid off from his county job. The psychological effect on young Bonior was "devastating." Laid off from a county job! Bonior comes from "the classic mold of Catholic liberalism," the *Detroit Free Press* writes. His "faith is a priority."

Bonior is often characterized as a principled opponent of abortion, ready to risk the feminist wrath in a pro-abortion party. "Unlike many liberal Democrats, Bonior opposes abortion," Gannett News reported. "By taking an anti-abortion stance," the *Chicago Tribune* said in 1992, Bonior had balanced his "somewhat liberal" positions with his "more conservative constituents." In 1991, the *Washington Post* noted his "staunchly anti-abortion position." In fact, Bonior's pro-life position has been inconspicuous since he became minority whip. Having won the race, he said at a press conference that the vast majority of Democrats were pro-choice, "and I will express that view when asked by people and the press." He would reserve unto himself "the ability to vote my conscience."

He struggled with his conscience—and won. In 1992, the National Right to Life Committee said in a letter to Doug Carl, then running against Bonior:

> We understand that Mr. Bonior's campaign may still be circulating certain NRLC letters supporting him from 1988 or earlier. No one should be misled by these old letters. Regrettably, Mr. Bonior's voting record has deteriorated drastically since he ran for and was elected to the #3 House Leadership position in July 1991. During the 1992 session, just concluded, Mr. Bonior's pro-life voting record was an abysmal 29%. . . . We are aware that Mr. Bonior still *says* that he is pro-life. But during the past two years, on issue after issue, he has voted with the pro-abortion leadership in the House. To add insult to injury, in several cases he has offered contrived explanations that misrepresent the effect and purpose of the pro-life policies that he has voted to overturn.

An aide to a leading House GOP opponent of abortion told me that Bonior lobbies pro-life Democrats to vote the "choice" position. His position now is best characterized as "personally opposed," which is how the *Detroit Free Press* recently put it.

In foreign policy, Bonior gained a reputation as a stern critic of Reagan's anti-Communist initiatives—aid to the Nicaraguan contras in particular. With the left-wing actor Ed Asner, he formed a "contra-contra" political action committee. At one point, Sandinista president Daniel Ortega embarrassed his allies on Capital Hill by flying off to Moscow for consultations. Bonior and his comrade-in-peace, George Miller of California, promptly flew down to Managua to plead with the Sandinistas to help them out of their "difficult political situation" at home. Someone even advised the Sandinistas to hang tough for a few years, when a new administration might be more sympathetic. The CIA recorded the sessions, but couldn't be persuaded to release the tapes.

"His foreign policy agenda now looks more like Jane Fonda's than Macomb County's," the *Detroit News* editorialized in the mid-1980s. "On defense he has earned a zero rating from the National Security Index."

"He won't speak to us," Tom Bray, the *News* editorial page editor told me. "We ran an editorial headlined 'Comandante Bonior,' pointing out that he had been giving advice to the Sandinistas." Bray said Bonior is hard to figure—"a grim, tight-lipped laconic character who never smiles."

Okay, so he's a peace-loving former seminarian. Give him a break. Enter now the new Bonior, April 1994, speaking on the House floor about the U.S. failure to get involved in the former Yugoslavia's civil war: "It's time to use the full weight of U.S. and NATO war planes in Bosnia," he said. "It's time to pound the Bosnian Serbs into submission." Bonior added: "Let's be honest—we really haven't tried air strikes. We just dropped a few bombs and backed off when it got dangerous." The speech was described by the *Detroit News* as "brimming with angry rhetoric."

It's strange: Bonior was flying in (peace-loving) formation with *New York Times* columnist Anthony Lewis in the 1980s—and they are still in formation today: Born-again Hawks of the Left. Lewis has called for the pounding of the Bosnian Serbs so many times that some are beginning to think of him as Bomber Lewis.

Seriously, how is one to account for this post–Cold War transformation? For guidance, I turned to the Jesuit magazine *America*, a major voice of the religious left. Clearly, the hope in the 1980s was that, freed from "oppressive social structures," the Sandinistas and other socialist regimes would bring forth the New Man—egalitarian, virtuous, industrious. Alas, one person stopped this from happening (in the left's view): Reagan. Now, with the vision of the future in tatters, there is a horrible new fear on the left—the return of the past: the primordial ethnic state. Reflecting on Bosnia, an editorial in *America* noted: "Attachment to blood, clan, land and the boundaries of a 'pure' ethnic state amounts to the worship of Moloch, whose defense demands the crude materialism of physical conquest and human sacrifice."

So that's it, then. As Bonior put it: Pound them into submission. Rev up the bombers! ❐

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The Health-Care Paper Trail

As the Hillary crowd prepares to make another run at health-care reform, a newly released cache of confidential memos reveals what the first plan really involved.

by Byron York

Remember "managed competition"? "Employer mandates"? "Health insurance cooperatives"? As recently as six months ago, the buzzwords of health-care reform dominated the agenda in the White House and on Capitol Hill. Now they seem almost archaic. But the Clinton Plan is not as dead as it seems. The first lady hopes to use her original work to overhaul smaller portions of the health-care system, beginning with a plan to mandate insurance for all children. "I regret very much that the efforts on health care were badly misunderstood, taken out of context and used politically against the administration," Hillary Clinton told the *New York Times* recently, lamenting the "misunderstanding" but not the reform plan itself.

The new campaign comes as Americans get their first (limited) look into how Mrs. Clinton's Health Reform Task Force worked. Thanks to a lawsuit that forced the White House to give up at least some of its records, more than 250 boxes of proposals, memos, scribbles, and endless charts and tables are open for inspection at the National Archives in College Park, Maryland.

The White House gave up the materials only after an ugly legal fight. At issue was the 1972 Federal Advisory Commissions Act, which required that groups that included outsiders as well as federal government employees had to meet in public. It was designed to prevent interest groups from exercising undue influence in secret. In February 1993, the Association of American Physicians and Surgeons challenged the administration's decision to hold closed task force meetings, and to withhold the names of hundreds of participants—

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many from outside groups. When then-White House counsel Bernard Nussbaum refused a Freedom of Information Act request, the group filed *Association of American Physicians and Surgeons* v. *Hillary Rodham Clinton et al.* In depositions, chief health-care aide Ira Magaziner told the court that the secrecy was proper because all members of the reform effort were government employees. U.S. District Judge Royce C. Lamberth called those statements "misleading at best." He gave the Clinton administration a choice: make the papers public or defend the secrecy in court. The White House caved. Later, Lamberth asked the U.S. attorney in Washington to investigate whether criminal charges should be brought against Magaziner. And the boxes arrived at the National Archives.

For all their importance, the papers have been virtually ignored by the press, which has paid more attention to the custody battle than to the documents themselves. It's easy to see why. They are as disorganized as the task force itself. Thousands and thousands of pages were tossed haphazardly into cardboard boxes and sent off to the Archives. There are clear gaps in the material; some key figures sent almost no papers, while others sent quite a bit. Still, through all the chaos, a few pictures emerge, glimpses of what went on as the Clinton White House planned what was to be its greatest triumph.

"The President's concern about chicken and furniture factories that pay between $7 and $8 an hour has set me thinking about potential opposition that he seems very concerned to avoid," Starr wrote.

Ira Knows Best

The clearest picture is of Magaziner. How did he design a system that allowed so many terrible ideas to go so far? The papers suggest he did it by simply throttling anybody who didn't see things his way. Although task force press releases often described the group as "inclusive," a look at the papers shows it included few people who disagreed with Magaziner, because disagreeing with Ira Magaziner could be a very unpleasant experience.

Take the issue of price controls, which Magaziner favored and the president's economic team opposed. On February 22, 1993, Magaziner met with the Cluster Group on Short-Term Cost Controls. "Last night's meeting was to consist of a series of short presentations to Ira Magaziner outlining the options our group is evaluating for short-term cost containment," wrote Treasury Department official James Ukockis in a memo to his boss the day after the meeting:

> A short time into the meeting it became clear Mr. Magaziner had an entirely different agenda. In response to a presentation covering cost savings options possible under Medicare, he became impatient when informed they involved savings of only tens or hundreds of millions of dollars. . . . He again became impatient during my presentation on price controls. He was not interested in a balanced evaluation of the option. What he wanted was for someone to make the "best possible" case for a specific price control program. . . . Mr. Magaziner then began an impassioned presentation of his own. . . . It was his position "the President must do something, *there is no choice*."

With responses like that, it was hopeless to tell Magaziner that there were fundamental problems with health-care reform. It's not that the working groups didn't discover the intractable contradictions in Magaziner's approach: you couldn't create a vast new nationalized medical system and save billions of dollars at the same time; you couldn't cut medical spending by massive amounts without cutting care; and you couldn't herd people into health-insurance cooperatives without reducing doctor choice. The problem was getting Magaziner to listen. The papers show he just kept pushing the contradictions aside—sometimes by stifling adversaries, often by saying that no decisions had been made on a huge number of critical issues.

Ukockis called it "a massive case of policy constipation." According to one participant's handwritten notes of an April meeting, somebody asked Magaziner, "Has Pres. made any of those 700 decisions yet?" The answer? The president was "making directed comments during briefings." And by the way, there were now 1,100 decisions to be made. Weeks passed, and the obstacles were not confronted. Working on cost controls, Ukockis wrote in late March that "every option has fatal flaws, which, although passed off as problems 'still under examination,' are actually major roadblocks. . . . Yet, because this adversarial process has been missing one adversary—the con side—there is substantial risk at least one of [them] may become part of the reform package by default."

Magaziner claimed his system would identify and remove such flaws. After months of meetings followed by consultation with so-called "contrarians" who would criticize the plan, he arranged to have auditors review the final product. But an anonymous working group member's handwritten notes of Magaziner's talk to an "all hands" meeting on April 8, 1993, suggest what he had in mind: "Auditors? People outside process; sympathetic; knowledgeable but fresh eyes."

Magaziner brought in Towers Perrin, the firm that had bought his own company, Telesis, for a reported $6 million back in 1986. In a January 1993 memo on potential task force staffers, Magaziner wrote, "I sold my company to Towers

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Perrin and ran their strategy operation and have very good relations with their senior management, many of whom also

. I probably mentioned Tyson because I knew it was an Arkansas firm. I didn't know about commodity trading

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Members were given strict instructions on what to do if asked about who was doing what in the task force. "If asked about membership on various groups," read another instructional memo, "you need to indicate that this is yet another thing that you cannot talk about."

A Task Force That Looks Like America

Even as the task force discouraged diversity of ideas, it welcomed old-fashioned interest-group diversity. Although nearly all of the top players were white, memo after memo is concerned with including the right racial and ethnic mix in the process. One member of the Ethics Group writes that it included "a Protestant minister, a Jesuit . . . a Rabbi . . . four African-Americans, one of whom is also a woman. . . . We also contacted a woman who teaches medical ethics and is herself unsighted." Another note carries the handwritten addition: "Bea: *there are no persons of color in this group.*"

The working groups hoped to mandate that sort of diversity in the nation's medical work force, even if it meant nationalizing the medical education system to achieve an "appropriate" racial mix of doctors. According to one memo, "The health care work force must achieve sufficient racial, ethnic, gender, geographic, and cultural diversity to be representative of the people it serves." They came up with a plan to establish Regional Health Professions Educational Consortia, which would be given wide-ranging authority to set standards for "geographical distribution, primary and specialty care mix . . . diversity and . . . cultural skills" in each new class of doctors. The health bureaucracy would also have unchallenged power to enforce its agenda:

> *Federal law would specify that funding for health professions education would be conditioned on meeting requirements established by a federal body, with the identity of that body, the process for establishing requirements and the total amount of funding to be determined by the Task Force.* [Emphasis in the original.]

The Clinton players apparently thought this would earn them the unwavering loyalty of minority doctors. Thus it was with some consternation that, upon being briefed for a meeting with the National Medical Association, the nation's largest organization of black physicians, one official learned that many of the African-American doctors were well-to-do specialists, and quite skeptical about the plan.

For all its importance, racial and ethnic diversity sometimes took a back seat to political diversity, especially when it came to including people from states with large numbers of electoral votes, or those represented by powerful Democrats. A document in Magaziner's papers lists members of the Health Professional Review Group, which was created to look over the final plan; beside each member's vital statistics are his *truly* vital statistics. One is listed "Male/White/Internist/Mass/Kennedy-Dukakis." Another is Male/White/Urologist/California Campaign"; a third is "Female/Black/Child Mental Health/Mass/Gore." The end of the document reads:

> States represented: 23
> Gender: Female 23 Male 23
> Race: White 30 Non-white 16
> African American 9 Hispanic 4 Asian American 2 NA 1

Where's Hillary?

There is one key player whose papers won't be found in the Archives. Indeed, First Lady Hillary Rodham Clinton is rarely seen in the papers that have been released. "She was allegedly the chairman of this whole thing," says Dr. Orient of the Association of American Physicians and Surgeons. "There were some communications to her [in the papers] but none from her."

For all its importance, racial and ethnic diversity sometimes took a back seat to political diversity, especially when it came to including people from states with large numbers of electoral votes, or those represented by powerful Democrats.

The reason is one of the main issues of the lawsuit. The White House makes a distinction between the Health Care Task Force and its working groups. Officially, the task force was a small group of top officials—among them the first lady, six cabinet secretaries, and Magaziner—who supervised the process. The working groups were the hundreds of White House-chosen experts who actually put the proposals together. The task force was, with the arguable exception of the first lady, composed entirely of government officials, and thus not required to give up its documents. The working groups included dozens of staffers from outside interest groups, and it was the groups' papers that the judge ordered the White House to release. (Certain of Magaziner's papers have now been released because he was considered a member of *both* teams.)

"They've always contended that Hillary Clinton was not on the working groups," says Thomas Spencer, attorney for the doctors' group. "She was on the task force, and it was not considered subject to the Federal Advisory Commissions Act." Thus her health-care papers remain secret.

For now, the papers provide no more than a peek into Mrs. Clinton's role. A partner in the Rose Law Firm writes to recommend someone; that letter is sent down the chain with the notation "To Ira and Maggie Per HRC." A few staffers' handwritten notes mention comments from HRC. And the occasional memo documents an encounter with her, as did Paul Starr's plaint of February 7, 1993: "After the meeting last evening," he wrote Magaziner, "I talked for a

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moment with the First Lady to try to underline the key importance of the purchasing cooperatives. And before I could finish my sentence, she said, 'But we need cost containment.' And then she ran off."

Virtually every memo in the health-care papers offers some small insight into the mindset of Clinton-Magaziner health reform. There is top official Walter Zelman's note to the press office entitled "The Marketing of Managed Competition." Zelman was concerned about pressure from those on the left who believed the administration wasn't going far enough. "They believe our direction is somehow fundamentally different from the 'single payer' approach they favor," he wrote. "It is not."

Then there is Paul Starr's worry that imposing new taxes to pay for health care might set off a storm that would sink the reform effort. "Taxes," he wrote in a memo to Magaziner, "are not a subject about which Americans are entirely rational."

And there are the repeated admonitions to hurry the new system into place—before people got a chance to know what was in it. At a dinner in March 1993, deputy White House legal counsel Walter Dellinger suggested a plan to pre-write federal regulations enforcing the Health Security Act, so that it would be instantly enforceable upon passage by Congress. That same month, Pete Welch, a working group member, prefaced one memo by saying, "The goal of this model is to quickly establish Health Insurance Purchasing Cooperatives in some form before changes in political conditions could undermine them."

At a dinner in March 1993, deputy White House legal counsel Walter Dellinger suggested a plan to pre-write federal regulations enforcing the Health Security Act, so that it would be instantly enforceable upon passage by Congress.

Comic Relief

The health-care papers have their lighter moments. There is the following letter, dated January 26, 1993, to the first lady's chief of staff Maggie Williams from one Donald A. Nixon:

> I am Richard Nixon's nephew. This fact doesn't get me free coffee, but I voted correctly (thank goodness) like a bunch of other Republicans (did we have a choice?) and you made it!

Nixon went on to pitch an alleged cure for AIDS developed by a company with which he was working. (He signed the letter "DN.")

Then there are the notes an unidentified task force member scribbled as he or she slogged through March 9, 1993:

> Began 7:30 Indian Treaty Room—this til 10:00 AM.
>
> No overhead because Dave Alexander couldn't get act together.
>
> 10-1 PM Kicked out by Pres. meeting w/CEO's in ITR. Adjourned to HRC's conf room #100. Only 10 chairs for 50+ people. Most people on floor or in window areas.
>
> 1 pm-Midnight Presentations continued, ending w/short-term cost controls.
>
> ICM [Ira Magaziner] only one awake & cogent.

There are examples of the sort of wonk-to-wonk mutual admiration that could only exist among the most committed bureaucrats: "As you requested," reads one memo, "I am sending you some notes for your consideration as you spin the old magic on your current infrastructure draft."

And there is the blow-up of a "Rex Morgan, M.D." comic strip in Paul Starr's papers: a woman asks the dashing doctor, "After all your adventures, don't you think private practice will seem—well, sort of dull?" He replies, "On the contrary . . . what could be more adventurous than health care reform in America? Believe me, June, this is where the action is!"

So far no newspaper or magazine has published a serious examination of the health-care papers. The material in this article comes from a relatively small number of the estimated 500,000 pages in the Archives. Shortly after they were released, the *New York Times* published a brief set of excerpts with a headline that suggested they were no big deal: "Now It Can Be Told: The Task Force Was Bold and Naive and Collegial." Other publications did even less. The one group that has combed them extensively is the Association of American Physicians and Surgeons, but its researchers focused mostly on finding information to address the specific issues of the lawsuit.

The neglect is unfortunate, because the papers could give journalists a much fuller picture of the health-care debacle. For example, they shed new light on the extensive role played by the Justice Department as the task force struggled to determine whether its "global budgets" and federal mandates would violate the Constitution. They contain information about the critical role played by giant non-profit institutions like the Robert Wood Johnson Foundation. And they reveal much about the struggle within the executive branch as the White House, the Treasury Department, the Department of Health and Human Services, and others maneuvered to influence the final product—and in some cases, distance themselves from it.

Reporters should hurry to take a look, because the documents might soon disappear back into the White House. Although they are housed at the Archives now, the papers remain in the legal custody of the White House and could possibly be returned to the administration. If that happens, the cloak of secrecy will return, likely to stay for years to come. ❐

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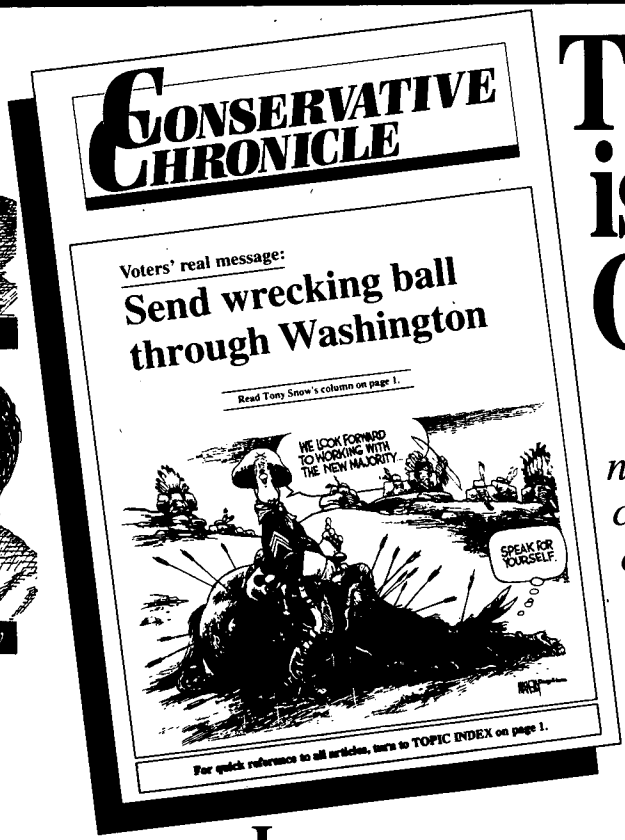
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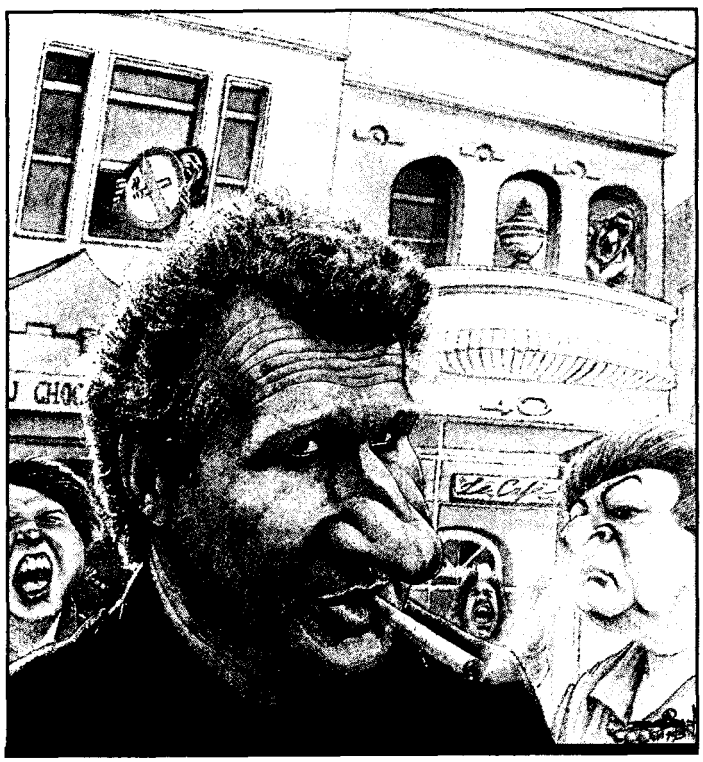
Joe Queenan

The Week of Smoking Dangerously

Buddy, can you spare a match?



One recent afternoon, I lit a Marlboro and slipped into a Times Square strip joint. I sidled into a peep-show booth, inserted a dollar bill, and, when the glass partition had risen to reveal the exotic dancer inside, exhaled.

"Whew!!!" hissed the girl inside the booth, disdainfully, waving the smoke away with her hands. When the stench had dissipated, she leaned down and said gruffly, "We work on tips: three dollars to strip, five dollars to touch."

"Do you mind if I smoke?" I inquired.

"Do what you want," she sneered. "It's your show."

I handed her a five, evaluated her "dancing" for 30 seconds, and left. I was immensely discomfited. Here was a woman with more tattoos than the 7th Fleet working as a stripper in the sleaziest dive in Manhattan, yet even she looked down on me as a smoker. At that moment, I realized that the anti-smoking movement was a thundering juggernaut that had penetrated even the lowest substratum of American society, and that smokers, as a class, were doomed.

My epiphany in the strip joint was the culmination of a long, psychologically draining week spent smoking in various public and private places throughout the Greater New York area. I had given up smoking cigarettes ages ago, and in recent times my only nicotine-related activity was the occasional cigar puffed in the presence of people who had annoyed me. Now, years later, I decided to revisit the old habit as a way of gauging how much the mores of smoking had changed.

My week as a smoker got off to an odd start when I popped inside a Citibank at the corner of 64th and Madison to get some cash. Although a "No Smoking" sign was clearly posted right next to one of the four ATMs, I lit up a Marlboro and took my place in line. There were three women using the machines, though the fourth was vacant. A stubby, Hispanic blue-collar type, who looked a lot like a smoker, was standing in line ahead of me, but he ignored the

Joe Queenan is the author of If You're Talking to Me, Your Career Must Be in Trouble *(Hyperion).*

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empty ATM. Nipping past him, I inserted my cash card, while puffing away furiously, flicking the ashes directly at the "No Smoking" sign.

The machine said it could not read my card. Scary. Did the machine know I was a smoker? Had Citibank, caving in to pressure from its anti-smoking clientele, equipped its ATMs with anti-carcinogenic sensors that would prevent smokers from getting more cash to feed their habit? I didn't know.

What I did know was that the machine didn't work. But that was okay because one of the other machines was now vacant. I zipped into it, aware that I had now committed two anti-social acts: smoking and line-jumping. I stubbed out my smoke on the floor, lit another. When I'd finished, I made eye contact with the Hispanic man as he took my place. He had every right to be ticked off because I'd jumped ahead of him, but he wasn't mad at all. A conspiratorial glance passed between us. He had taken my cue. Now he was smoking.

It is the fear that a single renegade puffer may inspire others to ape him that makes anti-smokers so aggressive in their attitudes towards illicit smoking. I discovered this as I made my way up Madison Avenue, ambling into various fashionable boutiques with a cigarette dangling from my lips, knowing that I was going to be asked to put it out or leave. What fascinated me was not whether I would be asked to leave, but *how* I would be asked to leave. Would I *politely* be asked to get rid of my cigarette? Or would I be treated like a subhuman and told to get out and stay out?

Here was a woman with more tattoos than the 7th Fleet working as a stripper in the sleaziest dive in Manhattan, yet even she looked down on me as a smoker.

My first encounter was surprisingly congenial. At the Metropolitan Opera Gift Shop on Madison Avenue, I strolled in, smoking a Marlboro, and began spewing poison all over the Ravel CDs. Within seconds, a fiftyish, well-dressed man came over and whispered, "I'm sorry, you can't smoke here."

He said this with a smile on his face and a twinkle in his eye, not wanting to scare off a reasonably well-dressed man who, however vile his personal habits, looked like he might be willing to overpay for a huge stack of CDs. Nor did the smile leave his face when I remarked, "Mario Lanza smoked!," an assertion that may or may not have been true.

There was certainly no twinkle in the eye of the tennis ladies at Canard & Company at 92nd and Madison when I strolled in with a Winston protruding from my lips. Wheezing carcinogens all over the Vine Ripe Belgium Tomatoes ($1.79 a pound), I was immediately singled out as *persona non grata.* No sooner had I opened the door with the sign reading

Our Pledge to Our Customers
To Our Cows

We do not use BST, BGH, or any bovine growth hormone of any kind. Never did. Never will.
Ronnybrook Farm Dairies

than a harridan with a politically correct tote bag hissed: "You can't smoke in here. *And you should know it.*"

I should have known it, I should. I had been tactless, insensitive, uncouth, uncaring. On the other hand, I had not behaved like John Wayne Gacy, Son of Sam, Charles Manson, or Pol Pot. I had not devised a home-made sub-nuclear device, or put an entire African nation to the sword. Yet she treated me like the scum of the earth.

This encounter set the tone for the rest of the week.

Two patterns emerged. One, it was the *patrons* in upscale establishments, not the personnel, who were most likely to tell me off. And two, women were far more likely to upbraid me than men. At Godiva Chocolatier, Dean & De Luca, and several upscale gourmet shops, the employees could have cared less if I smoked; they're all actors anyway, so they probably smoke themselves, and at five bucks an hour who's going to tangle with the weirdo with the cigarette? No, it was the customers, mostly females, who wafted their hands about and pointed to the No Smoking signs.

There are several explanations for this behavior. One, patrons of these shops are almost exclusively yuppies who believe that all human activity can be codified according to a rigid moral template. Yuppies either are lawyers or are married to lawyers, and have persuaded themselves that it is possible to establish hermetically sealed universes in which all human activity can be classified as licit or illicit. Boutiques thus become mini-cosmoses that yuppies can control through a Hammurabi's Code of acceptable behavior.

Yuppies also arrange their daily lives so that they always occupy the moral high ground. A boutique presents them with a perfect social setting in which, in an atmosphere relatively devoid of personal danger, they can make another human being feel totally worthless. You'll notice that yuppies do not, as a rule, go out into the streets to tell grown men to stop using walls as urinals, to tell black teenagers to turn down their radios, or to tell thieves to stop pulling radios out of cars. Yuppies are all like Molly Ivins: they like to sermonize, but they only want to do it on the Mount. If they did it on the street, they'd get a punch in the nose.

One day I started walking north on Madison Avenue, stopping into every business establishment that had a French name. I had a revolting Gauloises Caporal hanging from my lips, Jean Gabin-style, but I figured people

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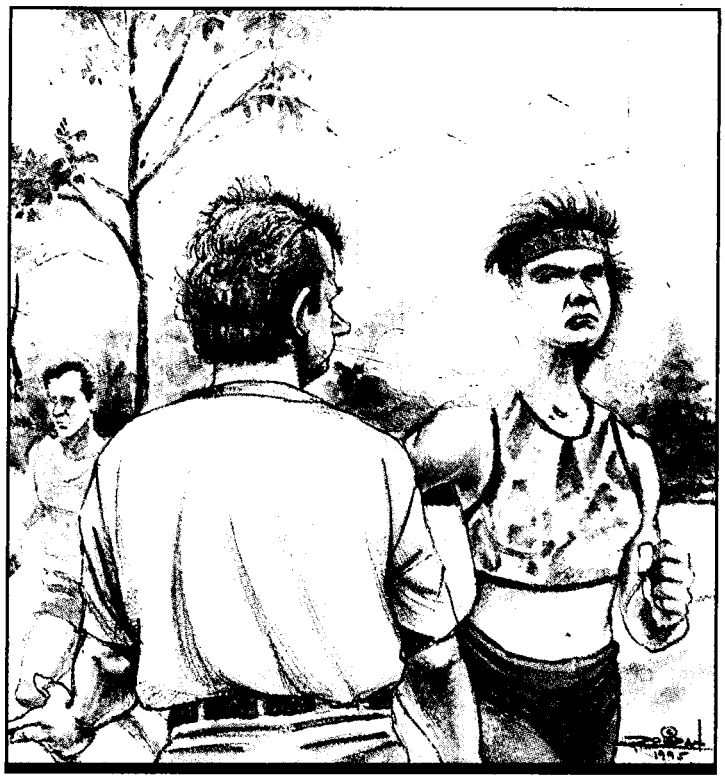
would cut me some slack if I pretended to be French, because French people smoke like chimneys: Hey, give me a break; it's a *cultural* thing. No such luck. At Au Chat Botte, they didn't want me hissing fumes all over the forty-dollar baby bonnets. Yves St. Laurent didn't want cigarette smoke up the cravats. At Godiva Chocolatier, a patron pointed to the No Smoking sign with a gesture that signified in any language that I was a hopeless jerk. At Pierre Deux, a fabric store, the cashier studied the unlit French coffin-nail dangling from my lips with a look that said, "Just try it, mon vieux." Not until I hit a food emporium called the Madison Marché at 75th & Madison did I find a place I could light up without being told off. Of course, the Madison Marché is run by Koreans.

Consider how different things were over at 46th and 8th, where I spent fifteen minutes one day smoking my way through all the businesses on the west side of the Street. Did anybody care if I smoked at the Palace peep show? They did not. Did they care if I smoked at the 8th Avenue Grocery? They did not. Did they care if I chain-smoked at Nilupul Video, the Full Moon Saloon, the Big Apple Gift Shop, Le Rendez-Vous Cafe, the Caravan Restaurant, Scruffy Duffy's, the Adult Video Store, the Friendship Hotel, the Subway, or the Acropolis Restaurant? They most certainly did not.



Smoking forces you to bond involuntarily with your social inferiors. Bums. The homeless. Drunks. Teenagers. Four of the twenty cigarettes from my first pack of Marlboros went to beggars: a bag person and three kids who surrounded me on 94th Street demanding smokes. But most people, including most smokers, don't want to think of themselves as people whose personal idiosyncrasies will be tolerated only in a grubby, dangerous neighborhood. That's what's really discouraging. Go over and smoke in some whorehouse on Eighth Avenue—don't smoke here in this upscale boutique we named after a French cat.

The sad fact is that, while anti-smokers almost all think of themselves as allies in a moral and ecological crusade, smokers do not feel a similar rapport with other smokers. Smokers may engage in rehearsed solidarity—at bars, at tailgate parties, in men's rooms—but deep down inside they do not feel instinctive solidarity with one another. I realized this when I spotted a frowzy, fiftyish woman chain-smoking Winstons at a corner of 65th and Madison, and sidled up to her with a Marlboro dangling from my lips, muttering, "There aren't many of us left, are there?"

She simply walked away.

One extremely interesting development in the world of nicotinophobia is the burgeoning anti-smoking bias one detects in places where you are actually allowed to smoke. Let me give you an example. One night I arrange to have drinks with a friend at Harry Cipriani, the cigar-box lounge in the Sherry Netherlander Hotel. *You are allowed to smoke in the bar.* But it doesn't matter. I can sense that the waiters want me out of there. I smoke a Gitane. I smoke a second. A third. A cloud of Gallic smoke is starting to waft across the room to the cheesecake. A waiter comes up and yanks away a chair from the table. "We need this," he says, not terribly politely. A few seconds later, a second chair is removed. The waiter is perhaps terrified that I am planning to network with a vast constellation of Gitane enthusiasts. Finally, the maître d' comes over and says, "We're setting up for dinner now." He doesn't ask me if I want to stay for dinner. He doesn't ask if I want another drink. He doesn't ask if everything was to my satisfaction. He just tells me in a polite, courteous way to take a hike.

The five most devastating words in the anti-smoker's vast lexicon of derision are these: "I didn't know you smoked." Whether the speaker is a waitress in my favorite diner, a friend at my outdoor swim/tennis club, or a colleague who knows that I am working on a story about smoking, the contempt inherent in those five words is almost nuclear. The phrase isn't a euphemism for "I feel sorry for anyone foolish enough to endanger his health by putting a cancer stick in his mouth." It's a euphemism for "I didn't know you dismembered tiny dogs."

Burdened by my sense of being a social menace, I spend the entire week deliberately eluding my normal, noncarcinogenic friends and spending all my free time with people who are going to die of cancer. One of them tells me that I hold the cigarette the wrong way. Another asks why I am smoking Russian Sobranies (because bag people are puz-

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zled by black cigarettes with gold foil, and usually won't accept them). Inevitably, we spend all our time talking about how awful anti-smokers are. One friend tells me about a music lover who was smoking at an open-air Pavarotti concert in Central Park when a woman flew into a fit and demanded that a cop arrest him. (The cop told her to get lost.)

By the fourth day of my experiment, I am starting to get a bit combative. I visit a tobacco shop in midtown Manhattan and load up on some elegant Sobranies, another pack of Gauloises, a tin of Schimmelpenninck slim cigars, and a couple of Monte Cruzes. Then I make an odd request.

"Could you please recommend the most repugnant cigar you carry?"

"It depends on what you're trying to accomplish," he says. "Are you trying to draw attention, or are you trying to clear the area?"

"I want to really offend a bunch of people who've been getting on my nerves lately."

"Then I highly recommend De Nobilis," he responds, passing me a tiny box containing five dwarflike, dangerous-looking cigars. "This is what I smoke when I'm out fishing. You light up one of these and it's just you and the fish."

"Do you catch a lot of fish?"

"I catch a lot of fish."

I study the box. Even the low-rent packaging ("Made in Scranton, Pa.") suggests that the cigars are profoundly offensive. They look like Mesozoic tootsie rolls.

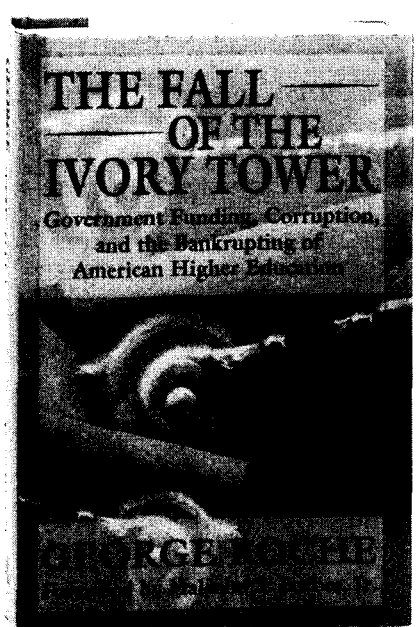
"Are these like Toscanis?" I inquire, recalling the diminutive tree stumps a French friend of mine uses to clear a large area of the Riviera for himself every July.

"Same principle, less money," he replies. "These will get the job done."

"There are also the Amaretto-soaked ones," a colleague volunteers. Intriguing: Amaretto-soaked logs. But the tobacconist waves him off. "Why spend seven dollars when you can get the same effect for a dollar-ninety?"

I load up my arsenal and walk up to the Central Park Reservoir, which is used almost exclusively as a jogging track. Lighting up one of my De Nobilis, I begin strolling around the track in a generally counterclockwise direction, blowing smoke directly in the faces of the mostly twenty-something and thirty-something joggers who pass me.

No sooner do I get that sucker lit than a short man in an Italian T-shirt sporting a stopwatch the size of Naples jogs past me, coughing theatrically. (Theatrical coughing will become a leitmotif in my stroll around the reservoir.) I keeping a running tab of reactions to my offensive behavior. There are 79 women and 21 men, of whom roughly 80 percent are under 30. Of the 100 only five, three men and two women, look threatening. Four people cough to express displeasure. One whispers "A--hole" as she pass-



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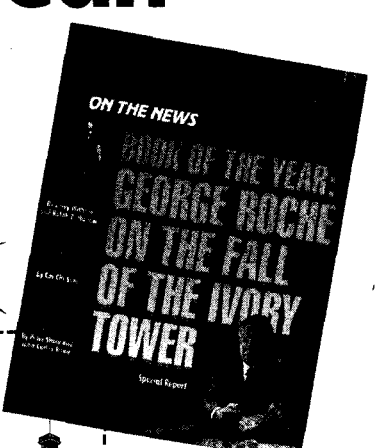

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es, and I call after her, "Give me a break. It's a boy." A second says, "People are jogging here," and I mutter, "I'm sorry, I'm French." One woman, a true reservoir dog, actually says, "Can't you find any better place to smoke that thing?" I fired back, "Yes, but I missed the last plane to L.A." But the most impressive reaction of all comes from the three people who physically *leave the track* to run on the dirt off to the side.

As the week drags on, my sense of being a social leper increases. In a French bistro called Le Ferrier, several people at the next table make faces about my smoking, even though we are seated outdoors and there are ashtrays on the table. When I go to have a cocktail with a British friend in the private lounge of the Ritz-Carlton, everybody else clears out.

Even when I am not smoking, I feel like a pariah. One area that has not been sufficiently examined is the right to *exude a smoky odor* in a non-smoking environment, even though you are not actually smoking at the time. When I visit my local YMCA and climb on an exercise bike, the man sitting on the bike to my left promptly snorts and leaves. As the anti-smoking juggernaut gains momentum, I am certain that No Smoking signs will be replaced by No Having Smoked signs.

Two patterns emerged. One, it was the patrons in upscale establishments, not the personnel, who were most likely to tell me off. And two, women were far more likely to upbraid me than men.

I'll tell you another thing we can look forward to. Kids who grew up in the 1950s were taught that Davy Crockett and Daniel Boone and Buffalo Bill were genuine American heroes: brave, courageous, and free. Then, along came the Native American movement of the 1960s and we all realized that these guys were a bunch of racist infanticides and fakes. Something like that is surely going to happen with Humphrey Bogart and Bette Davis and all the great chain-smoking movie stars of the past. As the anti-smoking movement gains momentum, those scenes where Bogart smokes cigarettes in *Casablanca* will be colorized out and the smokes will be replaced by mints. By the time the millennium rolls around, schoolchildren will be taught that even though cigar aficionado Winston Churchill was the Lion of England, we might all have been better off submitting to the Nazi boot.

The entire week that I masquerade as a smoker, only a handful of strangers are nice to me: two foreigners asking for directions and a quartet of tourists who crowd around me in the lobby of the David Letterman show, asking how to get standby tickets. (My gargantuan Dominican cigar must have beguiled them into thinking that I am a friend of Dave's.)

As my sense of cultural ostracism grows, I am driven to increasingly idiotic gestures of rebellion. During a phone interview with Don Imus, I light up a cigar and then sneeringly apologize to his millions of listeners for subjecting them to trans-telephonic secondary smoke. I furtively smoke a cigarette in the lobby of Avery Fisher Hall and the Metropolitan Opera. I smoke in the backs of taxi cabs, which is illegal, and am twice told to put it out or get out. Once I descend indignantly after two blocks and the driver becomes incensed when I demand a $1.75 receipt. But even in cabs where the driver lets me smoke, I can't enjoy it because the ashtrays have all been removed. I start to get a clear idea of how insurmountable the anti-smoking opposition is when I stride into an Eighth Avenue *pawn shop* with a cigarette in my mouth and am told to get the hell out.

Incidentally, how do the anti-smoking forces know that these acts are deliberate? Couldn't it be an accident? A couple of times I said that I'd simply forgotten the cigarette was in my mouth. Several times I said I had believed that people could still smoke in places that sold coffee. Twice I said that I was a French citizen having a nicotine fit. Each time I was greeted with the same look: You are scum. You revolt me. *You deserve to die.*

I got a vivid sense of how loathsome the vice of smoking is now considered when I walked up to a few women on upper Madison Avenue, in the museum district. All of the individuals I approached were fantastically dressed women of leisure who looked like they had husbands with good jobs—perhaps running tobacco companies. When I approached them with a cigarette between my fingers and asked for a light, they looked insulted. How could I possibly think that they smoked? *Do I look like white trash? Do I look like a hooker?*

The last day of my experiment, I have double epiphanies. First I get the cold (tattooed) shoulder from the stripper. Then, later that day I meet a friend for lunch. We are seated in a pasta joint on Eighth Avenue, she having meatless lasagna, me the manicotti. There is no smoking in this eatery. We are chatting amiably when I detect a familiar, fetid smell wafting up through my nostrils. For once, it's not coming from me. It's coming from a young man who's sitting a few feet away, eating a tuna sandwich while puffing on a cigarette. I don't say anything for the longest time. I just nosh. But as my companion leaves, I double back (first having sized him up as a bit of a wimp), and say, "Excuse me, but there's no smoking in here."

He apologizes and starts to put the cigarette out. But I cannot resist a final parry.

". . . and you should know that." ❐

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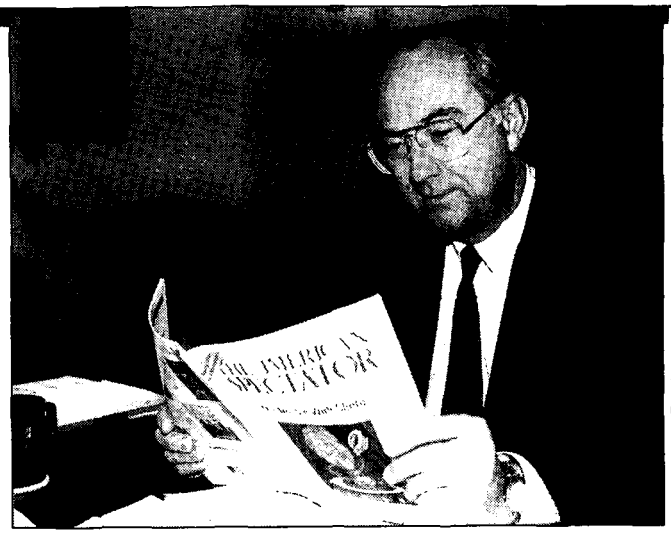

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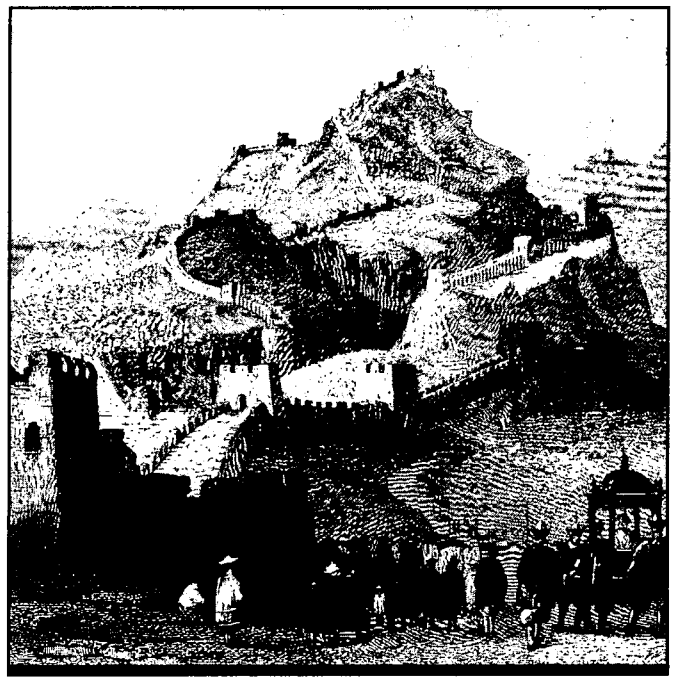
Kenneth R. Timmerman

China Shops

Thanks to friendly merchants in the Clinton administration, Peking is stocking up on hi-tech arms at bargain-basement prices —and Bill Clinton and Ron Brown could care less.



The Clinton administration has launched a dramatic expansion of military ties with China that will include the modernization of Chinese military factories, expanded high-technology sales, and even direct U.S. arms sales, despite the ban on such sales in effect since the 1989 Tiananmen massacre. While claiming publicly that these sales will not enhance China's military potential, the administration appears to have turned a blind eye to what congressional and academic experts have identified as a concerted Chinese effort to become the predominant military power in Asia by the year 2010.

According to Nicholas Eftimiades, a DIA counterintelligence analyst and author of *Chinese Espionage Operations*, "The Chinese are engaged in a massive military buildup, and are buying and stealing everything they can in the United States." Specifically, over the past two years, Chinese procurement teams have been buying up used aerospace machinery and shipping entire military production lines to China, most often with administration approval. While these purchases have gotten scant attention because of their relatively low dollar value, they have an immense strategic importance. Ultimately, they could have economic importance, too. Transfer of such sophisticated production technology at bargain basement prices could vastly increase China's ability to compete in the world marketplace as a manufacturer of advanced civilian aircraft. Trade-union activists are worried that, in the name of profits today, the U.S. may be creating industrial capabilities in China that could cost jobs at home tomorrow.

Is this administration policy? Or is it merely an accident of export decontrol and defense downsizing?

Kenneth R. Timmerman, director of the Middle East Data Project and a former professional staff member of the House Foreign Affairs Committee, is the author of, among other books, The Death Lobby: How the West Armed Iraq *(Houghton-Mifflin).*

The Garrett Engine Case

The most dramatic sale is also the most questionable: a potential $2 billion deal to sell gas turbine engines made by Garrett Engine Co., a subsidiary of AlliedSignal, directly to the Chinese military. The company claims the engines will power a Chinese military jet trainer, but U.S. government intelligence analysts are worried they could be used to make an improved Chinese cruise missile. The sale was negotiated and approved in the wake of the Tiananmen massacre, when the U.S. government had a public ban on direct contacts with the Chinese military. Because of an unusual—and hotly disputed—ruling by the Commerce Department last

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year, the engines will be considered as civilian goods despite their declared military end-use. This allows them to be shipped under Commerce Department rules, which were unaffected by the ban on military sales.

The Commerce Department ruling considered the engines separately from their "brain," known as the Full Authority Digital Engine Control (FADEC). The licensable part of the FADEC is little more than a computerized "black box" that controls the fuel mixture, throttle, and rings of movable metal vanes inside the engine core itself. But since the hardware has been designed around it, the engine would not be able to function without it. Nevertheless, Commerce ruled that only the FADEC computer was covered by national security export restrictions, and allowed the engines—and the production gear needed to manufacture them in China—to be exported freely without a license. In a letter dated March 21, 1994, deputy assistant secretary of defense Mitchel B. Wallerstein noted that the "carve out" of the FADEC from the engines "would allow sales of the 2A-2A engine to [China], including its military, without prior [U.S. government] review and approval."

China's stated end-use for the engines was to power the single-engine K-8 military jet trainer, which it was developing jointly with Pakistan (also banned from purchasing U.S. military gear, because of its continued development of nuclear weapons). Wallerstein's letter states that AlliedSignal was "seeking approval to export between 1,000 and 2,000" of the engines to China. But neither China nor Pakistan has a requirement for so many jet trainers. As for further exports, the world market is saturated with similar trainers being offered by France, Spain, Italy, Great Britain, Russia, the Czech Republic, and potentially Ukraine and Georgia. It is hard to believe that cost-conscious China would seriously believe it could sell that many trainers in such a market.

Only one month before Wallerstein's letter, Garrett informed the Pentagon of its intent to sell as many as 11,000 of the disputed engines to China, in a deal that would include the manufacturing technology. While Wallerstein now denies this—and the company insists that only around thirty engines have actually been shipped—it now appears that the Pentagon may have facilitated a back-door deal with the Chinese to get around the restrictions on the FADEC. According to the September 12, 1994 issue of *Aviation Week & Space Technology*, the Chinese purchaser of the engines—China National Aero-Technology Import and Export Co. (CATIC)—has reached a preliminary agreement to establish a joint venture company in China with Lucas Aerospace of Britain, whose purpose is to "supply digital engine controls for the K-8 basic jet trainer." With a new, non-American supplier of the FADEC, the Chinese are well on their way to acquiring the capability to manufacture these engines in China with no restrictions whatsoever. In ten years, if they choose to design a new long-range cruise missile around the Garrett engine, as some in the intelligence community fear, no one will be able to stop them.

One avenue of investigation into the Garrett case has been whether Commerce Department licensing officers had engaged in illegal connivance with AlliedSignal or its representatives. Sources at the Commerce Department and at the Pentagon confirmed that these allegations were serious enough to warrant the opening of a Commerce Department Inspector General investigation in January 1993. The case is believed to have been closed sometime in 1994. A Freedom of Information Act request filed by this reporter in April 1994 was completed within two months but was subsequently blocked when political appointees at Commerce and at the Bureau of Export Administration (BXA) were apprised of it, according to sources at the IG offices. When the documents were finally released in late December 1994, BXA lawyer Eilene M. Albanese had deleted large sections of the documents that had earlier been cleared, under the blanket exemption contained in article b(3) of the FOIA. Deleted by Albanese were all descriptions of the Garrett engine, all references to intelligence reports linking the engine to a suspected Chinese cruise missile program, and references to the administration's refusal to take the case, as required, to COCOM, the Paris-based Coordinating Committee on Multilateral Export Controls, where such exports must receive prior approval from U.S. allies.

The nine-day inspection by the Chinese was considered so sensitive that the company only allowed the inspectors in during the evenings and on the weekends, after the plant's unionized workers had gone home.

Upgrading MiGs

One of China's biggest and best suppliers of advanced U.S. technology is McDonnell Douglas, America's largest defense contractor and maker (in addition to its line of MD-80 and MD-90 civilian airliners) of the F-15, F-18, and C-17 military jets. According to U.S. government investigators probing a potential security breach, a team of Chinese procurement agents inspected the sprawling McDonnell Douglas C-17 plant in Columbus, Ohio, previously used by Rockwell to assemble the B-1 bomber, from September 11-19, 1993. The Chinese were allowed to photograph production lines inside the huge multi-story hangars, and sought technical documentation on a wide variety of advanced production technology, much of it classified. The nine-day inspection by the Chinese was considered so sensitive that the company only allowed the inspectors in during the evenings and on the weekends, after the plant's unionized workers had gone home. According to a government memo on the visits, McDonnell Douglas officials told investigators that "if parts in production were left in machinery during the non-work hour tours, those parts were covered up prior to allowing photographing of the machinery" because of the sensitive defense-related nature of the plant. McDonnell

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Douglas officials interviewed about the visits insisted that the technical data actually given to the Chinese was "readily available in the public domain."

Following their visit, the Chinese submitted an eight-page, single-spaced list of equipment they wanted to buy. It included thirty-one large, computerized machine-tools that the Joint Chiefs of Staff consider to be "militarily-critical" and that normally can only be exported to U.S. allies, if at all. After initially arguing that the production tools were not sensitive, McDonnell Douglas applied for twenty-four export licenses from the Commerce Department in May 1994. Although the face value of the deal was less than $10 million, it constituted the single largest shipment of advanced aerospace production gear ever sold to China, and the Chinese were determined to get it.

While McDonnell Douglas insists the Chinese will only be using the equipment to make civilian airliners, NBC News reported in September 1994 that the Chinese purchaser, CATIC, had written to McDonnell Douglas in October 1993, threatening to curtail further purchases of civilian airliners from the company if it did not supply the production gear. Government intelligence analysts believe the Chinese are intending to use the five-axis profiling machines from Columbus to beef up an assembly line for the Russian-made MiG-31 long-range fighter, a purchase they have already negotiated with Russia. (China produces military aircraft and civilian jetliners in the same facilities.) They want U.S. production gear, one analyst said, "because it is better than anything the Russians currently offer." The Commerce Department approved the licenses in August, McDonnell Douglas confirmed. As promised by the Chinese, an agreement extending the MD-82 program was signed with CATIC in November.

Wallace was unconcerned that China might seek to re-export Allison engines to Chinese clients such as Iran, which is currently subject to a total ban on high technology exports from the United States. "We would be better off trading with Iran directly," he said.

Defense Downsizing

Because of dwindling Pentagon orders, McDonnell Douglas is selling off a huge inventory of "surplus" plant equipment and tooling once used for military production. Like many other Pentagon contractors, McDonnell Douglas has turned to auctioneer Norman Levy Associates, Inc., of Southfield, Michigan, for the sell-off. In addition to Columbus, auctions were conducted in 1994 at the company's main plant in St. Louis, and in satellite facilities in Torrance, Culver City, Tulsa, and St. Charles, Missouri.

Since June 1990, the company has slashed its work force nearly in half, from 130,000 to the current level of 67,000. (The closure of the C-17 plant in Columbus in March 1994 put 1,200 workers out of jobs.) Union leaders argue that many of these jobs have been shipped abroad, and that McDonnell Douglas has even agreed to buy back civilian airliners made in Chinese factories for its U.S. clients, despite an initial understanding with the Department of Commerce and with the unions that planes assembled in China would be for sale exclusively to the domestic Chinese market. Indeed, a corporate spokesman confirmed that McDonnell Douglas signed an agreement in April 1993 to buy back five of its Chinese-assembled MD-82 airliners for TWA.

But McDonnell Douglas is not the only major aerospace manufacturer to be selling off plant equipment as it downsizes. The Indianapolis-based Allison Engine Company, the world's largest manufacturer of hi-tech helicopter and small turbofan jet engines, has been auctioning off advanced machine-tools and production jigs, including equipment needed to manufacture the engines used on the Army's C-130 transport. Such equipment is critical for the Chinese military as it seeks to expand its ability to project power to further distances. Allison is also selling an entire production line to manufacture gears for aircraft and truck transmissions, which includes machines built as recently as 1991. The company has had a commercial relationship with CATIC for the past ten years. Since 1985, Allison has been purchasing parts for its popular T-63 helicopter engine from CATIC instead of making them at home. CATIC made the parts in accordance with technical manufacturing drawings provided by the company.

Allison executives have boasted of their plans to sell engine and gearbox production tools to the Chinese. Most of the equipment being offered for sale is currently housed in a disused company warehouse called Plant Ten, located on Luett Street in a working-class suburb of Indianapolis. But Plant Ten also houses U.S. government-owned production tooling that was used for strategic programs over the past thirty years, and that Allison has contracted to store until the government decides to dispose of it. According to sources engaged in the negotiations, Allison offered to sell an entire production line to the Chinese prior to the public auction held by Norman Levy & Associates on November 2-3, 1994. A visit by this reporter to the facility revealed row upon row of production tools and jigs, stacked in neat rows fifteen feet high, waiting to be sold. Company officials attempted to prevent access to a rear area where large machine-tools were being stored. According to a list of equipment obtained from sources in Indianapolis, much of the aerospace equipment would require individual export licenses from the Departments of Commerce and State for export to China. Asked about these potential sales to China, a company spokesman replied in writing: "If foreign nationals visit our facilities we routinely review the export licensing requirements and apply for the appropriate licenses."

Company president Blake Wallace tersely acknowledged

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in an interview that Allison has been doing business in China for more than ten years, and berated the government to "abandon its Cold War mentality and stop the kind of export licensing games that have hampered business in the past." When it was pointed out that China might be seeking Allison production equipment to enhance its military programs, Wallace replied: "All trade is good. Even trade with bad guys is good." He was unconcerned that China might seek to re-export Allison engines to Chinese clients such as Iran, which is currently subject to a total ban on high-technology exports from the United States. "We would be better off trading with Iran directly," he said.

Auctioning Off Security

Robert Levy, president of Norman Levy Associates Inc., has seen his business with U.S. aerospace and machine-tool manufacturers boom since 1991. His company, which he says is "probably America's oldest and largest industrial auction house," has handled numerous auctions over the past three years at defense companies such as GE Aerospace, Unisys, Burroughs, McDonnell Douglas, and the Heintz Corporation, as well as at Chrysler and Eastern Airlines. "The Chinese regularly attend our auctions," he said, "but a lot of times they are not willing to pay the price. If I have a machine-tool that could sell for $100,000 to an American buyer, the Chinese might be willing to spend $20,000, or $30,000. Still, we have sold a lot of machine tools to the Chinese. It just all depends on how badly they need a particular piece of equipment, and who they are."

In 1991, Levy said, the Chinese purchased a large number of machine-tools from Browne & Sharpe, then one of America's largest manufacturers of numerically controlled grinders and screw machines. The company was seeking to get out of that line of business and consolidate its efforts in metrology, so it sold off machine-tool production gear as well as new machine-tools. "The Chinese didn't buy the production gear, but the new machine-tools," he said. "They were taking it back home to China to take apart."

Since then, Chinese buying patterns have changed. From reverse-engineering, they now seem more confident and have "entered joint ventures with aircraft manufacturers in the U.S., and are taking our excess manufacturing capability and transferring it back to China," Levy says.

In addition to CATIC—which maintains an office in El Monte, California—and Brilliance Chinese Auto, a Chinese-owned company listed on the New York Stock Exchange, another frequent Chinese buyer at Levy's auctions has been a little-known company based in Cleveland called Yuchai America Corp.

Yuchai America is a self-described Chinese procurement front. As the company's only American-born officer, Mike Kavada, said in an interview, "We were set up in the U.S. for the purchase and evaluation of equipment and technology to be shipped back to China for our parent company."

Yuchai's parent company, the Yuchai Machinery Group, is China's largest manufacturer of large automotive diesel engines for trucks, buses, and construction equipment, all of which have both civilian and military uses. Based in Yulin (Guangxi Province), Yuchai established its Cleveland-based subsidiary in October 1993. It has also established an investment group, which includes capital from Goldman Sachs in the U.S., with the intent of making a public offer on the New York Stock Exchange.

Kavada says that he and the Chinese engineers scour the U.S., "attending auctions, looking for production technology to update the factory in China." The company is also seeking U.S. joint-venture partners, and has begun discussions with former race-car driver Roger Penske of Detroit Diesel.

In November 1993, Yuchai attended a Norman Levy auction in Philadelphia and acquired two five-axis machining centers from the Heintz Corporation, a defense contractor that makes jet engines for the Pentagon. Kavada says Yuchai wanted the sophisticated, computer-driven machine-tools to enhance its production of diesel engines in China, and was willing to provide the government "assurances" that they would not be used for military purposes. But when Yuchai attempted to ship them to China on May 18, 1994, from Newport News, Virginia, they still had not applied for an export license and the machines were detained by U.S. Customs. Yuchai's lawyer, Paul Koczkur, maintains no license was needed, but a Customs official familiar with the case disagrees. "This is an indictable case," the official said. "But if they are granted a license now, after the fact, how's that going to look to a judge? It will probably be swept under the rug."

Just before the Heintz purchase, Yuchai attended another Norman Levy auction, this time on the premises of the White Farm company in Charles City, Iowa. Yuchai purchased a large amount of foundry equipment, Kavada said, which could be used in casting large parts for engine blocks. U.S. officials said this purchase fit a pattern. "We see the Chinese snatching up foundry equipment all over the place, even in Canada," one source said. "They are even trying to purchase the $36 million forge originally bought by Iraq before the Gulf war." Made by West Homestead Engineering in Homestead, Pennsylvania, this forge was used to make the 16-inch guns for all the Iowa-class battleships, the biggest guns ever made for the U.S. Navy.

While such a forge could conceivably have a civilian use—as could the jet engine machining centers purchased from Heintz—the conjunction of the two has raised eyebrows among law enforcement officials as to Yuchai's true intentions in purchasing second-hand production gear in the U.S.

Defense Conversion or Modernization?

As a matter of public policy, the Clinton administration is dedicated to defense conversion in China, just as in Russia and in the United States. Indeed, Defense Secretary William Perry helped establish a joint Sino-American commission on defense conversion, and during his October 1994 visit to Peking, he promised his Chinese partners extensive U.S. aid—including a Cray supercomputer to be used directly by the Chinese nuclear weapons establishment to help design newer and safer nukes. Perry's Chinese co-chair is none other than Lt. Gen. Ding

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Henggao, chairman of the Commission of Science Technology and Industry for National Defense (COSTIND), the driving force behind the Chinese military industry and the export sales of such items as M-11 missiles to Pakistan. COSTIND is also notorious among U.S. intelligence analysts for its central role in Chinese espionage activities in the U.S.—such as the theft of nuclear secrets from the Lawrence Livermore National Laboratory in 1986—that are believed to have been used by China to design the neutron bomb it tested two years later.

It is indeed ironic that, in the name of defense conversion, the U.S. is helping the Chinese to expand and upgrade their military at a time when Chinese nuclear submarines have begun playing nuclear tag with U.S. warships in the South China Sea. According to Chong Pin-Lin, a China analyst at the American Enterprise Institute, official Chinese defense spending has increased by 230 percent since 1989. "But these are just the official figures," says Pin-Lin. "Research and development is not included in the budget, nor are most expenditures for the People's Armed Police, the military academies, civilian employees of the ministry of defense, and many 'extra-budgetary' expenditures, including the December 1992 purchase of Sukhoi-27's from Russia." This Chinese military expansion occurs at a time when most other nations, including the U.S. and Russia, are engaged in a massive build-down of their defense capabilities. The Congressional Research Service estimates that in 1991-1992 alone, China purchased $2 billion worth of advanced weaponry from Russia, including Sukhoi-27 interceptors, Il-76 heavy transport aircraft, T-72 tanks, Mi-17 helicopters, S-300 missile interceptors (dubbed the "Patriotski"), and rocket engines. In addition, the CRS report states, "sensitive technology transfers, including advanced missile and nuclear technology, may be taking place through at least 1,000 Russian military and scientific experts recruited to work for China."

Former assistant secretary of defense James Lilley warned of China's military efforts in May 20,

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1993 testimony before the House Foreign Affairs Committee. "They are seeking to lift the military industrial base from Russia, getting the next generation into China so they can get into the power-projection game [through] producing, manufacturing, [and] research and development in China itself."

U.S government analysts acknowledged these efforts, but were more circumspect. "Yes, the Chinese are aiming to modernize their Air Force, their navy, and their strategic missile corps," said one, "but they are starting from very deep in the hole." Logistics problems and a lack of training, intelligence, and command and control structures will continue to hamstring China as a world power for years to come, these experts said. "Still, regional powers should pay more attention to the Chinese. In two or three years, they will probably be able to eject other claimants from the Spratleys," the oil-rich islands in the South China Sea claimed jointly by China, Vietnam, and a host of others. By early in the next century, given China's ability to acquire advanced production technology from the United States, Russia, Europe, and Israel, the Chinese will be able to build "an F-16 class fighter," these experts said, in addition to a "naval task force capable of remaining at sea for two to three months," instead of the two to three weeks of current capabilities.

China has also been buying arms and missile guidance equipment from Israel since the early 1980s, a relationship that remained clandestine until the early 1990s. In response to questions from the Senate Governmental Affairs Committee in August 1993, then-CIA Director R. James Woolsey estimated that purchases of Israeli weapons systems may have cost China "several billion dollars" over the previous ten years. The irony of the Israeli-Chinese relationship has not been lost on Israeli analysts. In 1992, Gerald M. Steinberg, a researcher at Bar Ilan University, told the *New York Times* that Israel may have helped the PRC develop its made-for-export M-9 missile, which the Chinese subsequently sold to Syria, which in turn pointed it against . . . Israel.

Dual-Use Equipment

In addition to weapons, China is also purchasing billions of dollars of U.S. dual-use technology, much of it highly sensitive. U.S. computer manufacturers have been literally flooding China with high-powered computers in recent years, with exports of licensable computers averaging nearly $1 billion per year since 1988. Much of this equipment has gone to known military factories. The sale by U.S. companies of encryption technology and equipment to manufacture fiber-optic cable has raised the hackles of the intelligence community, which suspects the Chinese are aiming to protect their military communications from electronic eavesdropping. Even today, the U.S. restricts the sale of such equipment to Russia and to the other republics of the former Soviet Union, but has far fewer restrictions on sales to China. (This is the carry-over of COCOM's 1985 China "Green Line," which allowed Western companies to ship higher technology items to China in compensation for restricting such sales to the Soviet bloc.)

Despite the 1989 Tiananmen massacre, however, sensitive trade with China has actually increased; the Commerce Department is approving more export licenses than ever before. The vast majority of the over $10 billion per year of U.S. exports to China consists of computers, commercial aircraft, telephone switching gear, highly sensitive microprocessor manufacturing gear, and various types of electronics. As the Clinton administration continues to loosen licensing requirements, more and more of these exports have been funneled directly into Chinese military establishments with no prior U.S. government review required.

Last year, congressional investigators asked the Commerce Department whether it had conducted a review of the strategic impact of the billions of dollars of U.S. high technology equipment sold to China over the past decade. They received no reply.

Some exports, however, remain sensitive. Among these are advanced machine-tools, considered to be the building blocks of any modern industrial base, civilian or military. The Commerce Department has been relatively selective in approving machine-tool exports to China. Licensing records show that Commerce has rejected many proposed sales of advanced production gear over the past three years. In one 1992 case, for instance, Cincinnati Milacron applied to sell a five-axis profiling machine—similar to the ones McDonnell Douglas recently sold from its Columbus plant—and was turned down after the case was reviewed by the Pentagon and the CIA.

But advanced machine-tools are winding up in Chinese factories nonetheless, and many of them are American-built, despite the fact that the U.S. has fallen behind both Germany and Japan in machine-tool exports worldwide. The reason: Germany is only just beginning to explore the Chinese market, while Japan refuses to sell its best equipment to China, fearing a renascent long-term security threat. Tokyo is so worried about a potential threat from China that Japan officially protested U.S. sales of sophisticated dual-use production equipment to China two years ago, U.S. and Japanese sources said, after a team of Japanese industrialists toured Chinese factories and discovered the extent of U.S. technical assistance.

China has shown a great willingness to use industrial espionage when attempts to legally purchase hi-tech equipment fail, according to DIA analyst Eftimiades and other government investigators. In 1992 a Chinese company attempted to purchase second-generation night vision tubes from a U.S. company, but the Commerce Department rejected a licensing request. Chinese agents subsequently attempted, but failed, to procure up to 40,000 of the devices on the black market. →

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In another case that came to light after a six-and-a-half-year investigation by the FBI, a Chinese agent named Yengming Gao attempted to purchase F404 fighter engines and Mk48 advanced capability torpedoes. After his arrest in December 1993, Gao was simply expelled to China without further sanction. The U.S. authorities have reacted similarly in other cases, some of them involving Chinese diplomatic personnel based in the U.S. "If those had been Soviet intelligence agents," says Eftimiades, "we would have clobbered them."

Last year, Chinese agents became embroiled in yet another attempt to purchase state-of-the-art military electronics from a Pentagon depot at the Warner-Robbins Air Force Base in Georgia, sources said. The case, which is still under investigation, involves a large volume of radar and electronic countermeasures gear the Chinese attempted to purchase from the Defense Logistics Agency as "scrap" and "surplus" equipment. Although the shipments were eventually blocked by U.S. Customs agents, the case shows once again that the Chinese will not shrink from outright espionage to obtain items they consider strategically important.

U.S. Policy?

The rapid modernization of the Chinese military, China's willingness to use force as an arm of foreign policy, and its aggressive procurement of advanced military and dual-use technology in the United States pose a number of foreign-policy questions that so far have gone unanswered by the Clinton administration.

As early as 1992, the Defense Technology Security Administration—the Pentagon's export licensing arm and the only agency that reviews the strategic applications of dual-use exports—expressed concern over Chinese purchases of advanced U.S. machine-tools, and asked the CIA to examine what the Chinese were using them for. DTSA never received a reply. Last year, congressional investigators asked the Commerce Department whether it had conducted a review of the strategic impact of the billions of dollars of U.S. high-technology equipment sold to China over the past decade. They, too, received no reply.

According to one analytical paper circulated at the Pentagon and on Capitol Hill last year, there has been no strategic review of U.S. objectives in China since 1983, when President Reagan designated China as a "friendly, non-allied" country, and defined it as in the U.S. interest to help China modernize its economy to serve as a bulwark against the USSR. In 1985 this policy was translated into a complex series of export licensing regulations which eased restrictions on a broad range of products for sale to China (COCOM's China Green Line). Commerce Department statistics show that from 1985 through 1992 China exploited licensing loopholes to an unprecedented extent, buying more than $21.4 billion of hi-tech goods from U.S. companies.

Does the United States have strategic objectives that are served by the massive transfer of advanced manufacturing capabilities, computers, and telecommunications equipment to China? Does anyone have a plan for getting the Chinese to "play ball" on such issues as North Korea? Or to eschew military action against the Spratleys, or political intimidation against Hong Kong? Is there any quid pro quo to this administration's massive transfer of hi-tech gear to the Chinese military? Or is China merely benefiting from the free-trade free-for-all and the administration's apparent desire to convince the American business community that the Democrats will outdo Republicans in favoring U.S. business interests?

What happened to candidate Bill Clinton's pledge to withdraw foreign tax credits from U.S. companies that exported jobs instead of U.S. products? Wouldn't that include companies such as McDonnell Douglas, Boeing, Allison, or Pratt & Whitney, which is getting parts for its engines machined in China because of lower labor rates?

More serious are the strategic ramifications of a modernized Chinese military. According to a recent Pentagon "nonpaper," "China no longer can be viewed as a counterbalance to the military might of the Russian military, as it once was. Indeed, there is mounting evidence that the Russians and Chinese are increasingly cooperating in the military arena. If the Chinese are using the Russians to get the United States to continue providing technology to modernize its military, they have been successful, but our policy has not."

Pentagon analysts argue that we need to think more about the effect a modernized Chinese military will have on U.S. regional partners Japan and South Korea. "Japan no longer looks upon the United States to guarantee its own security. As a consequence, Japan, as well as Taiwan and South Korea, may consider a nuclear weapons approach as the most prudent." The Japanese could develop the bomb "within six months," the paper states.

A separate December 1994 assessment by the Joint Chiefs of Staff concluded that China is an "emerging threat," and voiced concerns that China could use its new-found naval power to interfere with maritime traffic through chokepoints such as the Straits of Malacca, through which virtually all of Japan's oil imports must pass. In one part their report, the Joint Chiefs envisioned a scenario in which the current power vacuum in Asia would tempt China to intervene in support of "oppressed" Chinese minorities in Singapore and Malaysia.

According to former chief Republican counsel of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, William C. Triplett III, China has a solid record of military intervention and adventurism since the 1949 Communist takeover. "Starting with their invasion of Tibet and intervention in Korea in 1950, China has attacked India (1962), attacked islands belonging to Taiwan, engaged in border clashes with the USSR (1969), invaded Vietnam (1979), and created and supported insurgencies in the Philippines, Malaysia, Indonesia, and Cambodia. So don't say the Chinese don't have territorial ambitions."

Meanwhile, Commerce Secretary Ron Brown has been touting the Chinese market as the next export bonanza for U.S. companies. American exporters can expect $100 billion in Chinese business by the end of the century, Brown said during a recent trip to China. And besides, who cares about a few machine-tools, or a few supercomputers? If America doesn't sell, somebody else will. ❐

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Treasury Falls Flat

by George Neumayr and M. D. Carnegie

On June 16, 1994, Rep. Dick Armey unveiled a federal flat-tax plan to replace the existing individual and corporate income tax. Called the Freedom and Fairness Restoration Act, the proposal required a first-year personal and corporate rate of 20 percent, abating to 17 percent thereafter. Business would pay the flat rate on sales, less purchases of goods and services from other companies.

If Armey's proposal had been under serious consideration by Congress, the Joint Committee on Taxation would have performed a detailed analysis of the bill—it did not. After initial attention on the pages of the *Wall Street Journal* and *Washington Times*, H.R. 4548, as the proposed legislation was known, died a quick death in the Democrat-controlled Congress.

Yet ten days before last November's midterm elections, somebody leaked to the *Washington Post* a 16-page analysis of the Armey bill that had been undertaken by the Treasury Department. The report received immediate attention nationwide, as commentators played up the angle, hinted at by the *Post*, that the report belied Republican claims that the GOP would not raise taxes on the middle class or cut benefits for the elderly. "Treasury Analysis Finds GOP 'Flat Tax' Too Costly," read the headline of the article, which quoted a senior Clinton administration official saying that the Armey plan would "either increase the deficit by $1 trillion over five years or require a flat tax so high it would raise taxes on everybody making under $200,000."

This was awfully good—and awfully timely—news for the Democrats, who had been suffering a public relations nightmare since the infamous Alice Rivlin budget memo to President Clinton, which suggested that the administration might consider tax increases or adjustments to Social Security. None of this would be especially remarkable, however, were it not for one rather problematic fact: the Treasury's analysis of Armey's bill was so fundamentally flawed that officials in the department must have known how inaccurate it was—and then released it anyway.

Indeed, the errors were so enormous that, were it not for what appears to be the obvious political motivation for making the study public, Treasury officials might well have had to explain their incompetence. By calculating with a set of false assumptions—the department never contacted Armey or his staff to obtain the correct statistical parameters—the Treasury created an incorrect set of results that the White House then used on the eve of the election.

Although Armey had never intended the plan to be revenue-neutral—the smaller revenue, he argued, would require government-spending limits—the Treasury analysts made much of the fact that it wasn't. They estimated a revenue loss in the plan's first year (1995) by using the 17 percent rate rather than Armey's 20 percent figure, resulting in an $84 billion error. And their bogus figures led them to underestimate corporate tax revenue by $110 billion.

Armey's staff reviewed the Treasury study, discovered the errors, and recalculated using the correct information. They came to within $40 billion of their own proposal—a discrepancy, Armey noted, easily relieved with budget cuts. But even today the department refuses to make a public admission of its errors.

Both the timing of the leak and the number of serious errors in the report indicate a purposeful attempt to discredit Armey's proposed legislation for political reasons. The Treasury itself has offered no fewer than three explanations of how the department came to conduct the review. On December 18, Treasury spokesman Scott Dykema acknowledged the study of the Armey proposal had been requested by the White House. Three weeks later, Dykema changed his tune: the Office of Tax Analysis, he now insisted, had undertaken the study on its own. In mid-January, he changed stories again, allowing that the White House had been in communication with the analysts.

Dykema's second version of events, in which the department acted independently, reeks of implausibility. While Treasury analysts track certain tax-related subjects as a matter of course, it would be virtually impossible for them to conduct a month-long study of this magnitude without approval from departmental higher-ups—particularly since sources say the department is three months behind in legislative reviews owed to congressional committees.

Unlike the Office of Management and Budget or the Congressional Budget Office, the Treasury has traditionally been a non-partisan, independent entity. Allowing its professional staff to participate in what amounts to opposition research used in an election campaign calls into question the impartiality—and hence the reliability—of its economic forecasting. "In the past the Treasury Department was very careful to guard its integrity under presidents from both parties," said Armey. "This unprecedented action raises serious concerns about Treasury's politicization." ❐

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Is Boris Good Enough?

by Jonas Bernstein

How desperately the Clinton administration has clung to the mythical character called Boris the Democrat. Even as the Russian attack on Grozny began to resemble Hafez al-Assad's obliteration of the city of Hama or Saddam Hussein's war against the Kurds, the president and his secretary of state continued to praise the "road to democracy and the free market," on which the atrocities of Chechnya were a mere "bump." Dreams die hard, but it is doubtful that this fantasy will outlive 1995.

Many Russian observers accept the exculpatory explanation that Yeltsin, incapacitated by illness and alcoholism, has been reduced to playing front-man for hard-liners in his inner circle. Yeltsin's Rasputin is said to be Gen. Aleksandr Korzhakov, formerly of the KGB, currently chief of the Kremlin Security Service, and a close confidante since Yeltsin's days as Moscow CPSU chief. *Izvestia*'s December 22 front-page headline read: "Who Is Running the Country—Yeltsin, [Prime Minister] Chernomyrdin, or General Korzhakov?" The hope is that the good Yeltsin, the man who faced down the tanks in August 1991, will come back to life and throw the scoundrels out of his court.

There is little question that Boris Yeltsin is in poor health. Yet ex-premier Yegor Gaidar, a key reformer and currently one of the leading anti-war voices, told *Kommersant* on January 11 that "on the eve of the Chechen campaign Korzhakov did everything he could to restrain the president, and that the general was not to blame for the fact that the president went ahead regardless." Yeltsin was in the hospital for minor nose surgery when the invasion was launched on December 11, much as Mikhail Gorbachev had been conveniently absent when the Red Army moved into Tbilisi, Baku, and Vilnius. The newspaper *Obshchaya Gazeta* recently referred to this as the "Comrade Stalin did not know anything" defense.

The decision-making process in Moscow is once again as opaque as it was in Soviet times. On January 10, for example, the *Washington Post*'s Fred Hiatt wrote from Moscow that Vladimir Polevanov, recently picked to succeed reformer Anatoly Chubais as privatization chief, had begun a campaign against the program widely praised in the West as the one clear success story of Russia's economic reform. (Polevanov, a geologist by training but clearly a philosopher by avocation, declared: "Like day has night and life has death, privatization has nationalization.")

Hiatt wrote that Chubais, now a first deputy prime minister and, in theory, Polevanov's boss, was unable to complain directly to Yeltsin about this latest threat to market reform because "the president is said to be distracted" by Chechnya and "has not paid attention to the growing feud over privatization." The same day Hiatt's article appeared, the Russian news agency ITAR-TASS, in an item devoted to the absence of official comment during the ongoing bombardment of Grozny, noted that Yeltsin "has been busy with economic questions of late and hasn't appeared in public."

While the Kremlin has been inscrutable, the Russian attack on Chechnya did not occur in a vacuum. It is simply the latest in a series of rightward moves following Vladimir Zhirinovsky's strong showing in the December 1993 parliamentary vote. Throughout 1994, Yeltsin repeatedly spoke of his intention to strengthen "Russian statehood" and protect the 25 million ethnic Russians living in the "near-abroad." His criticism of alleged anti-Russian discrimination in the Baltic states and other ex-Soviet republics became shriller. The Russian government was already embarked on its own version of Zhirinovsky's "last push to the south," meddling in Georgia's war with Abkhazia, Azerbaijan's war with Armenia, and the Tadjik civil war. Yeltsin's high-profile embrace last summer of the ultra-nationalist artist Ilya Glazunov was a reminder of his new direction.

In the wake of Chechnya, the president has been repudiated by his democratic allies and embraced by his blood enemies on the extreme right. Zhirinovsky and his Liberal Democrats, and Aleksandr Barkashov and his neo-Nazi Russian National Unity Party, whose paramilitary units fought Yeltsin's troops during the October 1993 shoot-out at the Russian White House, support Yeltsin's invasion. State television now features the documentaries of Aleksandr Nevzorov, the rightist TV journalist who was thrown off the air following the October uprising.

Russia, of course, still has a democratically elected parliament and a new constitution: indeed, officials from Yeltsin on down have cited the need to "restore constitutional order" as one of the chief reasons for the attack on secessionist Chechnya. Prior to the passage of the constitution in the December 1993 referendum, a number of democrats outside Gaidar's pro-Yeltsin bloc worried that it

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concentrated too much power in the presidency. Even if Yeltsin is a democrat, they asked, what if someone like Zhirinovsky is elected president? The attitude in Western capitals toward the constitution mirrored that of Gaidar and Co.: What Boris wants, Boris should get.

It now turns out that even this new quasi-authoritarian constitution is decorative, like its Soviet predecessor. Chechnya, for instance, has been declared a "zone of armed conflict"—a term which, unlike "state of emergency," exists neither in the constitution nor in federal legislation. Sergei Parkhomenko, a political writer for the liberal daily *Sevodnya*, noted on December 20 that the procedure for establishing such a zone "has not been defined; the legal status, the periods, the criteria, and the conditions are not described; the powers of the authorities and the armed forces are not limited; and the responsibility of officials has not been established."

The parliament is also basically ornamental. On January 12, liberals in the lower house tried to pass a law to prevent the Russian president from dispatching troops within the Russian Federation without declaring a state of emergency. The measure did not pass, though it would not have mattered: Yeltsin has been ruling by decree for nearly a year-and-a-half. Vadim Bakatin, a Gorbachev-era liberal who, as the last Soviet KGB chief, tried in vain to turn the agency into a normal, non-totalitarian institution, noted in *Obshchaya Gazeta* in December that the parliament has virtually no influence over the executive, "with the exception of doing a little trading on the budget."

None of this is to say that Czar Boris's position is secure. He certainly faces problems from the armed forces. The tension between the military and the Yeltsin administration dates back at least to October 1993, when he ordered the army to fire on his political enemies. The military's disastrous performance in its New Year's Eve push into Grozny, when dozens of tanks were destroyed and hundreds of ill-prepared conscripts were slaughtered, has undoubtedly heightened the army's loathing of Russia's political leadership. Some Yeltsin administration officials, like Deputy Prime Minister Sergei Shakrai, have actually accused the military of deliberately sabotaging the campaign in order to undermine the government. This could explain why Yeltsin's December 28 order to halt air strikes on Grozny was ignored.

Whatever the case, the military may now represent a real threat. "What we have is an army that has been driven into a corner and is becoming an increasingly uncontrolled and dangerous factor in domestic politics," *Komsomolskaya Pravda* wrote on January 5.

There are two prime candidates to play the role of a Russian Bonaparte. One is Gen. Boris Gromov, who commanded the Soviet forces in Afghanistan. Gromov, who maintained a low profile over the last several years while serving as a deputy defense minister, became a virtual media fixture following the move into Chechnya. His criticism of the invasion finally elicited a response from

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Yeltsin: on January 19, Gromov was removed from his ministerial post.

The other is Gen. Aleksandr Lebed, commander of the 14th Army stationed in the Trans-Dniester Republic, the ethnic Russian enclave within Moldova. Like Gromov's, his conversion into an anti-war activist is of recent vintage. Last summer, Lebed denounced Yeltsin, Gaidar, and Zhirinovsky equally: his only positive comment was reserved for Chilean Gen. Augusto Pinochet, whom he praised for "shutting up the loudmouths."

Yeltsin tried to remove Lebed from his post following these comments but quickly backtracked. Lebed and Gromov are both reportedly very popular with junior officers and enlisted men, who are demoralized, destitute (some living with their families under tents), and disgusted by the kleptocratic practices of the senior military leadership.

Lebed is said to covet the defense minister's portfolio, and there may well be an opening soon: the military's bungling in Chechnya has given Yeltsin a pretext for dumping incumbent defense chief Gen. Pavel Grachev. Dubbed "Pasha Mercedes" by the newspaper *Moskovsky Komsomolyets,* in honor of the two German luxury cars purchased for him with ministry funds, Grachev has been in hot water since October, when a *Komsomolyets* journalist was assassinated after writing articles detailing massive military corruption. The newspaper and others accuse Grachev of complicity in the murder.

Yeltsin is apparently taking measures that would allow him to keep a more dynamic defense minister in check. He reportedly plans to strip the defense ministry of operational control over the armed forces general staff and transfer it to the presidency. On December 15, *Nezavisimaya Gazeta* published a leaked Kremlin document detailing plans to create a "national" or "people's" militia, also directly subordinated to the president. Its domestic functions will include "operations involving enforcing order among the population": it will also "bring armed formations scattered among different agencies under a single command," as well as incorporate "Cossack detachments."

Yet while Yeltsin continues to build his administrative power, countervailing trends are working against him. The Russian armed forces' poor performance in Grozny may embolden other mineral-rich or ethnically distinct regions of the Russian Federation—some of whom have already all but ceased paying federal taxes—to vie for more autonomy.

The centrifugal forces go beyond simple regionalism. Russia is becoming a nation of private armies. *Izvestia*, in a December article examining the lobbying efforts of state industrial sectors, noted that they have begun to organize their own security forces. "The striving of the sectorial elite for absolute complete access to the throne will be accompanied by bitter strife," the newspaper predicted. "Then the lobbying will take on an openly criminal nature."

In January, the newspaper profiled Vladimir Podatev, a financial power broker in the Russian Far East. He runs a nationwide detective/protection agency known as Svoboda (Freedom), as well as a social organization called Yedinstvo (Unity), which incorporates Cossack units. Podatev, alias "The Poodle," is a major organized crime figure. He also sits on a presidential human rights commission.

Even the Russian capital appears to be splitting into rival fiefdoms. On December 2, members of Gen. Korzhakov's Kremlin guards raided the offices of MOST Bank in downtown Moscow, resulting in a confrontation with MOST security guards (the bank has a force of a thousand) in which several of the latter were severely beaten. Vladimir Gusinsky, the bank's chairman, is linked with Moscow Mayor Yuri Luzhkov, who harbors presidential ambitions. According to recent reports, ex–Deputy Defense Minister Gromov has joined the MOST/Luzhkov constellation.

With Russia vacillating between anarchy and authoritarianism, the mood of many in Russia's democratic intelligentsia is understandably dark. "The present politicians have already led us to civil war, local for the time being," Yelena Bonner told *Obshchaya Gazeta* on the eve of the Chechnya invasion. "They allowed the mafia and corruption to triumph over us. As before, truth does not reign in Russia: neither in the courts nor in the Duma, nor in the government."

In a year-end piece, Ludmilla Telen, *Moscow News* deputy editor-in-chief, predicted that the Chechen war will bust the budget and ignite inflation, triggering a "socio-economic crisis" that will in turn lead to censorship and a postponement of elections. "It is of no importance by what exact name the president of this state will be called," she wrote, "Yeltsin, [counter-intelligence chief Sergei] Stepashin, or Aleksandr Korzhakov."

Thus far, however, the war in Chechnya has galvanized the Russian intelligentsia. Even Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn, a nationalist, now advocates the granting of independence to Chechnya. Opponents of the war have found their Sakharov in Sergei Kovalev, Yeltsin's human rights watchdog, who stayed in Grozny throughout the aerial bombardment to protest the killing of civilians.

The independent media have also risen to the occasion. While Ostankino, the main state television channel, quickly reverted to Soviet habits following the December 11 invasion—Kovalev called its reporting "worse than Communist and even Goebbels [propaganda]"—the news program of NTV, Russia's independent television network (owned by MOST Bank) has shown viewers the real results of their government's policy. Polls show that nearly 80 percent of the public opposes the war, and Yeltsin's approval rating is now 8 percent.

NTV must rent the state-owned airwaves, however, and the government has already threatened to change the network's time-slot and even revoke its license. And there is an even deeper problem. It may be that Russia's rulers will simply do in Chechnya and elsewhere whatever they want and, rather than clamping down on their critics, simply ignore them. "Society, alas, has no real mechanism to stop the bloodletting," Lev Timofeyev, the former dissident, wrote in a mid-January *Izvestia* commentary about Chechnya. "Again, like many times before, the Russian intelligentsia has accomplished a moral feat, and again, like many times before, this feat has no direct influence on real policy." ❐

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Whitewater Scorecard

by James Ring Adams

Whitewater is back. In spite of efforts by the administration and some of the brow-beaten press to sweep unanswered questions under the rug, the guilty plea from presidential confidant Webb Hubbell was too large an event to ignore, and it promises further revelations. Independent Counsel Kenneth Starr looks like he's getting up to speed, and his counterpart for the Agriculture Department is finding that their paths cross in a big way. The new majority in Congress is sure to demand real hearings, once it passes the Contract and gets down to serious business.

Here is a rundown of the issues and names you are likely to read about as indictments, reports and hearings proliferate in coming months:

The Madison Guaranty Case

TAS was the first to report on Madison Guaranty victim **Freddy Whitener**, the rural contractor from James McDougal's boyhood town of Bradford, Arkansas. (See "Beyond Whitewater," *TAS*, February 1994.) Whitener entrusted Clinton friend McDougal with the bookkeeping for their real-estate partnership and found he had been saddled with $1.6 million in debt, much of it apparently fraudulent. His checkbooks showed how McDougal churned money through Madison Guaranty accounts in a massive check-kiting scheme. This was the same conclusion reached by Resolution Trust Corporation field investigators, although a statement to that effect, released in congressional hearings, was also overlooked by the press.

According to Whitener's checkbook, he was stuck with a fraudulent $30,000 bill for funds that may have wound up in Bill Clinton's pocket. This money trail led to the infamous March 1985 fund-raiser in the Little Rock lobby of Madison Guaranty, which paid off a personal campaign loan to Governor Clinton. This fund-raiser is now reported to be a major interest of the independent counsel's office. (Someone else takes Freddy seriously; when we first met him, Whitener felt he was under surveillance and reported at least one anonymous threatening phone call.)

Another federal witness, **David Hale**, gave us an extended series of exclusive interviews over a year ago. He makes the crucial charge that puts Bill Clinton squarely in the middle of the attempt to save McDougal's Madison Guaranty from federal regulators. Hale was the municipal court judge who ran a "small business investment corporation," a private lending company financed by the Small Business Administration. He said that McDougal had brought him to a meeting with then-Governor Clinton in early 1986; they talked about a loan to McDougal structured to keep out Clinton's name. Hale said that Clinton had offered his Whitewater partnership as security but that he (Hale) hadn't wanted it.

Hale went public because he was facing federal indictment for his SBIC financing. He felt he was being set up as the fall guy for the Madison mess and that his case was being rushed to destroy his credibility as a witness against Clinton. The Small Business Administration says it began the investigation to clean up the most egregious abuses in the agency, as part of the new broom brought by administrator Erskine Bowles. Unquestionably an able executive, Bowles had the ear of President Clinton and is now deputy chief of staff for operations. But it appears that Independent Counsel Kenneth Starr takes Hale's charges seriously. In a court filing, Starr's office asked a federal judge to delay sentencing Hale because of his important role in the investigation.

Hale has a lot to tell investigators about other members of the Little Rock political elite. He lent heavily to Seth Ward, father-in-law of Clinton confidant Webb Hubbell, and to current Arkansas governor Jim Guy Tucker, whose imminent indictment has been rumored for months. A New York tabloid several months ago ran a grossly exaggerated report that Hale had gone into hiding for fear of his life. A mutual friend saw him alive and well in public recently, although he did have an escort from the Federal Bureau of Investigation.

As Hale gains in credibility with the Independent Counsel, the reputation of U.S. Attorney **Paula Casey** declines. Casey was Clinton's law student at the University of Arkansas and took over as the U.S. prosecutor in Little Rock after Clinton's Justice Department summarily fired all the sitting U.S. attorneys. Hale was puzzled in the fall of 1993 by her sudden loss of interest in accepting his cooperation. Why she might have put the Hale case on the fast track has been discussed in these pages. (See "Whitewater Obstructionists," *TAS*, April/May 1994.) The Independent Counsel's office under both Robert Fiske and Kenneth Starr has been intensely interested in her contacts with Webb Hubbell, then the de facto power at the Justice Department.

The Administration Cover-Up

Much of the press fell into a trap when independent counsel Fiske came out with his first set of reports on the eve of congressional hearings last year. Along with his study of Vince Foster's suicide, he issued a press release saying there had been no criminal acts in the contacts between Treasury Department officials

James Ring Adams, an investigative writer with The American Spectator, *is at work on a book on the decline of the American republic.*

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and the White House. Almost every press account reported (with the encouragement of the White House) that Fiske had exonerated *all* administration officials. In fact, the counsel's release pointedly did not mention the Justice Department or the Resolution Trust Corporation (which the national press forgot was not a part of Treasury). At the time, Fiske himself was asking congressional committees not to raise the issue of Webb Hubbell's possible contacts with Paula Casey or the RTC's handling of the Madison Guaranty case on the grounds that those matters were under active investigation.

Now that **Webb Hubbell** has entered a plea bargain for his bill-padding and promised full cooperation, he could do great damage to President Clinton. When the White House received a "heads up" in September 1993 on the RTC's criminal referrals about Madison Guaranty, White House counsel Bernard Nussbaum argued that his staff needed the warning to avoid embarrassing contacts with people who might be charged. Instead, Clinton plunged almost immediately into an October 6 private meeting with a prime target of the investigation, Arkansas Governor Jim Guy Tucker.

Tucker's schedule lent itself to working out a deal for damage control. After his 20-minute tête-à-tête with Clinton, Tucker went on to see Webb Hubbell at Justice and White House chief of staff Thomas "Mack" McLarty. (See *TAS*, April/May 1994) A further suspect detail emerged in the recent Senate Banking Committee report on last year's Whitewater hearings; on the afternoon of Tucker's visit, Hubbell met with White House counsel Nussbaum and presidential senior adviser Bruce Lindsey, the point man on Whitewater. This meeting came just one day after Hubbell's regular Tuesday meeting with Nussbaum. The new majority on the Senate Banking Committee is intensely interested in whether they talked about the supposedly confidential criminal referrals.

Hubbell also has the potential for turning the RTC inside out. Washington regulators had hired Webb Hubbell and his Rose Law Firm for a Madison Guaranty lawsuit over strong objections from field officers that Hubbell had a massive conflict of interest in the case. (The case originated with the Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation, which was handling savings-and-loan suits until the RTC was up and running.) The federal government paid bills that Hubbell later confessed were fraudulent. The Washington official who insisted on hiring Hubbell and who approved his bills turned out to be **April Breslaw**, the same lady who flew to the Kansas City RTC office on February 2, 1994, to suggest to RTC field investigators that Clinton's Whitewater partnership had nothing to do with the failure of Madison Guaranty.

The Kansas City meeting took place the same day that Deputy Treasury Secretary Roger Altman, who was also the acting RTC head, briefed White House staff about the status of civil suits over the Madison failure. According to the Senate Banking report, Altman's briefing was more significant than previously realized. He told the White House that civil suits, which could have involved the Clintons and Hillary's former employer, the Rose Law Firm, weren't ready to be filed before the expiration of the statute of limitations at the end of the month. Although Congress very soon afterwards extended the statute of limitations, at the time this information could have helped the Clintons immensely. The civil suits, incidentally, were also under the supervision of April Breslaw.

When an editorial by R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr. mentioned Breslaw's connection with Hubbell in the aftermath of Hubbell's plea bargain, some in the media took it as a great revelation, though it had been reported in detail in these pages four months earlier. (See "Webb and April and Jean and Jack," *TAS*, October 1994.)

After Congress released documents on the Kansas City meeting, acting RTC head Jack Ryan handed a temporary suspension, not to Ms. Breslaw, but to the three field officers pursuing the Madison Guaranty case. He cited a pending investigation of their conduct. According to a spokesman for the regulators, Breslaw has not been suspended for anything to date, even though the Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation is conducting an inquiry into the Rose Law Firm billing that has gone on a year longer than expected.

How did Deputy Treasury Secretary **Roger Altman**'s February testimony to the Senate Banking Committee differ from the misleading statements that brought Reagan-era witnesses to grief in the Iran-contra affair? Senate Banking Committee Republicans believe Altman was worse. Their committee report said Altman "intentionally lied to Congress," a felony, as opposed to the misdemeanor of "misleading Congress" to which Elliott Abrams pled guilty. In two letters, the Republicans urged Independent Counsel Starr to consider criminal charges, not only against Altman, but against Jean Hanson, former General Counsel to the Treasury; and Joshua Steiner, former Secretary Bentsen's chief of staff; and to review the testimony of White House officials George Stephanopoulos and Harold Ickes.

The first set of Madison Guaranty criminal referrals has somehow disappeared from the Justice Department's **Criminal Fraud Division**. A few questions could open a real can of worms, since this is the same division that tried to close down the investigations of the Bank of Credit and Commerce International (BCCI) and the Atlanta branch of the Banca Nazionale del Lavoro (BNL), which lent $4 billion to Saddam Hussein, a lot of it with federal loan guarantees.

The Justice Department most recently issued a report exonerating the Bush administration, and itself, in the BNL arms financing. These apologetics have the same smell as the ethics office report's clearing everyone in Whitewater.

Someone in Washington, furthermore, is still playing the BCCI game. Last July, a key borrower from the bank, Abbas Gokal, took a plane from Karachi to New York to make a deal with the Manhattan District Attorney's office; he was in a position to speak volumes about the BCCI's corruption of American politicians. He never made it to New York. Someone tipped off the German police and they took him off the plane during a Frankfort stopover. At last report, the Germans were delivering Gokal to Great Britain's Serious Fraud Office, which does not put American political corruption high on its list of priorities.

One official at Justice has asked to be taken off our list. In a previous article on the BCCI ("Closing the BCCI Curtain," *TAS*, September 1994), I noted that a recusal by Deputy Attorney General Jamie Gorelick left the BCCI case under the supervision of Gerald Stern, the special counsel for financial institution fraud. Stern had previously been director and counsel for Occidental Petroleum, in which a prime BCCI fugitive, Ghaith Pharaon, once held a million shares. Stern, who denied ever having heard about Pharaon at Occidental, called me later to say that company officials

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had told him that the large Arab stockholder was not Pharaon but Suliman Saleh Olayan, a far different sort of Saudi businessman. (Olayan hired former Treasury Secretary William Simon to manage his U.S. investments, and another Olayan associate sits on the Oxy Pete board along with Albert Gore, Sr., father of the vice president.)

There's no reason to doubt Stern's word, but apparently his former employers aren't telling him the full story. In December 1974, Occidental confirmed reports that Pharaon had bought one million shares of its stock. In 1985, Pharaon himself told *MidEast Report*, a New York-based newsletter, that he held a "small block" in the company. The financial press reported the million-share position right down to 1991, although Pharaon may have sold it off much earlier, and even before Stern joined the company in 1981. (Neither Pharaon nor Occidental would say whether Pharaon had liquidated his Occidental holding during this period, although the company now says it has no record of Pharaon as a shareholder.) As late as 1991, Oxy Pete did have another minor BCCI connection. A small partner in two of Occidental's offshore oil projects in Pakistan was the BCCI affiliate Attock Oil Co., Ltd., whose chairman was Ghaith Pharaon.

In any case, Stern tells me that his office is only a coordinator and has no line authority over the Criminal Fraud Division.

The First Family

Why is the press so ready to forget **Hillary Rodham Clinton**'s $100,000 killing in the cattle-futures market under the tutelage of her friend James Blair, later general counsel for Tyson Foods of Springdale, Arkansas (see "The Ties That Blind," *TAS*, August 1994)? She was feeding off scraps from one of the most extraordinary market manipulations of recent years, involving leaders from the wild and woolly Chicago Mercantile Exchange. Some market experts believe that her broker, Refco, was feeding her profits while swallowing the losses. Refco had close ties to commodity traders for the BCCI. So why the payoff?

The full story of Mrs. Clinton's career at Rose Law Firm still hasn't been told. Perhaps Webb Hubbell can shed light on some of the work they did together.

Presidents face the perennial question, "What did he know and when did he know it?" but the Senate Banking Committee raises a more pointed query about **Bill Clinton**'s contact with a potential target of the Madison case. "Did President Clinton inform Jim Guy Tucker that he was mentioned in the RTC's criminal referrals during the October 2 meeting? If so, did the transmittal of such information hinder the government's ability to prosecute a case?"

If he did, isn't that felony obstruction of justice?

You wouldn't necessarily learn it from the press, either pro or con, but the Whitewater complex does reveal important problems in public policy. The conduct of the Democratic Congress last year prompted a broader concern: the House leadership had abandoned the essential constitutional principle of checks and balances. In October, I wrote, "The historic significance of Whitewater now lies in the extent to which the mid-term elections will become a referendum on the abuse of one-party rule." The answer to this point now seems pretty clear. ❐

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Dim Sam

by John Corry

Time chose John Paul II as Man of the Year—a nice selection, although not the right one. The Pontiff may have graced *Time*'s cover far better than some of the lemons the magazine has chosen in recent years, but surely the Man of the Year was Newt Gingrich. He confounded all the deep thinkers who insisted political parties were dead, and now he may force Congress to get a grip on itself. Still, you cannot fault *Time* overmuch. It had already given us Gingrich as "Uncle Scrooge" on one cover; two weeks later he was "King of the Hill" on another. *Time* may have thought one more Gingrich cover was too much, although, then again, it may only have been confused.

The election has left much of the media muddled in different ways. On "This Week With David Brinkley," for instance, Sam Donaldson declared that a 17-percent flat tax meant that everyone, rich and poor, would pay the same amount in taxes. Brinkley tried to explain to him that 17 percent of a wealthy person's income was more money than 17 percent of an ordinary wage earner's income. Donaldson, however, was insistent: 17 percent of the one was the same as 17 percent of the other. Brinkley grew exasperated, and had to explain it again. Donaldson said then that he understood, but he still looked utterly baffled.

Katie Couric announced an "exclusive" NBC "Today" show interview with Bobby Hall, the helicopter pilot just released by the North Koreans. But even as she spoke, Hall was being interviewed on CBS and ABC. *Newsweek* ran an item in its Periscope section about the fearsome Black Rhino bullet. This was picked up and expanded upon by the *New York Times*, AP, and all the networks. The Black Rhino was supposed to pierce armor, or leave an exit hole as big as a baseball bat. It turned out, of course, that it did neither. Meanwhile, the *Times* ran an editorial—deeply felt, even if speciously argued—insisting that the Republican tax and budget proposals would be disastrous for New York. Fortunately, the editorial said, Senator Al D'Amato, as "the new chairman of the Finance Committee, is uniquely positioned" to avert this. In fact, Bob Packwood is the new chairman of the Finance Committee; D'Amato is the chairman of Banking.

More trouble came when Connie Chung asked Newt Gingrich's mother what her son had said about Hillary Clinton: "Why don't you just whisper it to me, just between you and me." Mrs. Gingrich then made her famous reply: "She's a bitch." When CBS put this on the air, other journalists criticized Chung for a cheap shot. The criticism, however, was misplaced. The anchorette had done no more than to solicit a response from Mrs. Gingrich. The cheap shot was by CBS News. The interview took place before Christmas, but it was not broadcast until Gingrich became Speaker. Simultaneously, transcripts and press releases were freely distributed, along with the usual platitudes from CBS about how it was only reporting the news. That was nonsense. CBS wanted to embarrass Gingrich, and publicize Chung's "Eye to Eye." Gingrich, though, seemed more angry than embarrassed, and "Eye to Eye" flopped in the ratings. It ran far behind "Seinfeld," and barely tied "Matlock."

The lesson was that the things that grip big media are not of great interest to most people. Big media, or, the "old media," has lost its authoritative voice. It has been wrong too often on too many issues. The *Times* has become our most prominent example. It employs the best reporters in the business, but when it speaks now as an institution, it is hard to imagine who listens. One of its dizzier editorials—"In Praise of the Counterculture"—would have embarrassed even the *Nation* or *Mother Jones*. It said the '60s counterculture freed us from "the dictatorship of the majority culture," spawned a "new morality-based politics," and fulfilled the ideals "at the heart of the American intellectual tradition." It also empowered just about everyone, and "gave people in dead or abusive relationships permission to break out." America's premier newspaper sounded like an aging hippie with a couple of bum marriages behind him and a yearning to return to Haight-Ashbury and reclaim his lost youth.

What inspired the editorial, of course, was the Republican ascendancy in Congress. The *Times* said it was worried that a joyless Newt Gingrich "may prefer a stricter regimen of social conformity and religious observance" than all the rest of us. This was an improbable worry, but no matter; the editorial page is allowed to express its opinion, even if, in its opinion, conservatism is best ignored. A more serious problem is when the news pages of the *Times* show a similar obtuseness. Gingrich was on the covers of *Newsweek*, *Time*, and *U.S. News & World Report* the week the new Congress went into session. All the network anchors were on Capitol Hill for the opening day. Then Gingrich gave an extraordinary speech when he was sworn in as Speaker, and the press as a whole paid attention. Jim Lehrer said

John Corry, a former New York Times *media critic, is the author of* My Times: Adventures in the News Trade *(Grosset/G.P. Putnam's Sons).*

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the coverage had "the feel of a presidential inauguration." Cokie Roberts said, "There's never been anything like it." The *Times*, however, was out to lunch. Gingrich barely made the first page in the next day's edition. He had kept the House in session until 2:24 that morning, but his most prominent page-one mention was in a story about one of his aides.

Gingrich will probably survive the *Times*. The paper does not like him or his policies, and neither does most of big media, but he is getting some grudging respect. The *Times* editorial on his maiden speech as Speaker was ungracious, but it did say he had "a zeal for reform." It also said that "at least for the moment, Newt Gingrich is America's pivotal political figure." Surely that was correct. The media seem to have given up on Bill Clinton, and only diehards—Peter Jennings, most notably—are trying to resurrect him.

Jennings, for example, began a two-part interview with Clinton on ABC's "World News Tonight" by telling him he had accomplished wonders—reducing the deficit, creating jobs, and scoring one triumph after another. Why then, Jennings asked, didn't more people like him? Clinton replied as expected: The people were unaware of all the wonderful things he had done. Then Jennings spoke again. This time he did not even bother to disguise his prompting by putting it in the form of a question. "Here's another one," he said. "In our poll today, the absolute critical items for Congress to address: number one, cutting the deficit; number two, health-care reform. The two issues, which were absolute priorities for two years, and you don't get any credit for it."

A grateful Clinton took off on that. Change was hard to come by, he said, and when he pursued it he had encountered "fanatic opposition" and "the politics of destruction." Nonetheless, he said, he was impressed by the new Republican leaders. When he had met them earlier that day, "they really said that a mistake was made in 1981 when they put in trickle-down economics and ignored the deficit and quadrupled the debt of this country."

Jennings did not bat an eye. Perhaps he believed the new Republican leaders really had said that; perhaps Clinton even believed it himself. According to Anthony Robbins, one of the self-improvement experts Clinton recently invited to Camp David, "Your reality is the reality you create." In the second part of the ABC interview, Jennings alluded to Clinton's New Age guest. Since the election, he said, Clinton had talked "to all sorts of people, including a couple of widely recognized gurus in self-improvement." What, Jennings asked, had he learned about himself? Clinton danced around the question. Whatever he had learned, he just wasn't telling. However, Robbins's infomercials, which are seen on television late at night, seem to offer some hints. People who either have attended his seminars or bought his audio tapes—three payments of $59.95 each—say, among other things, that they have lost weight, restored personal relationships, and made lots of money. Robbins himself, a large young man with a lantern jaw, declares that even though we live in trying times, "the past does not have to equal our future." The message there for Clinton seems clear: the election doesn't matter. Besides, Robbins's disciples are supposed to include "some of the ultimate achievers in our culture."

Obviously, we are in a new age of media and politics, with gurus on all sides. As has been widely noted, Gingrich has turned to Alvin Toffler, author of *The Third Wave*, even though as gurus now go, Toffler may be old-fashioned. The *Washington Post* reported that Marianne Williamson, who wrote *A Return to Love*, also visited Clinton at Camp David. Williamson became famous when she was endorsed by Oprah Winfrey, and then officiated at the marriage ceremony for Elizabeth Taylor and her eighth husband, Larry Fortensky. Williamson, apparently, is also in tight with Anthony Robbins. She is featured in *Power-Talk*, his new audio magazine, which he will send you free if you buy his tapes.

Change, it seems, is everywhere. *Newsweek* even published a chart, "From Old Right to Newt Right," laying some of them out. These included old and new "leaders," "groups," and "mouthpieces" in the conservative movement. William F. Buckley's *National Review*, for example, was a mouthpiece for the Old Right. But years pass, politicians move on, and the Old Right has long since been replaced by the "Newt Right." According to *Newsweek*, its mouthpieces are C-Span, Rush Limbaugh, and *The American Spectator*.

It was good to see the *Spectator* out on the cutting edge, of course, although it cherishes its independence, and its editors become cross when they are thought of as anyone's mouthpiece. But more important, the connection between the *Spectator* and Gingrich suggests why this magazine has been under so much recent attack. The success of the one has been commensurate with that of the other, and the two often share the same critics. Hysteria is in their voices. The *New Yorker* described the Speaker as sinister: "Gingrich has not mastered even the appearance of benevolence." A week later, the *New Yorker* said the *Spectator* specialized in "vitriolic abuse." As evidence it cited a cover illustration of Hillary Clinton as a witch, although as vitriol this wasn't much. Compared to old Herblock cartoons of Nixon, it was almost benign.

Meanwhile, David Brock continues to be subjected to mindless attack. Frank Rich of the *Times*, who has never forgiven him for either Troopergate or *The Real Anita Hill*, was distressed this time by Brock's evisceration in the January *Spectator* of *Strange Justice*, the book that did its best to prove Clarence Thomas was a liar. Rich cited no errors in Brock's story, and probably had neglected to read it, but he insisted that Brock had attempted "to bully a source in *Strange Justice* . . . to get her to sign a statement denying her contribution to the book."

The charge was preposterous. The source Rich referred to already had retracted on television what she purportedly had said in the book. For reasons of her own, though, she complained to a leftist academic about Brock. The academic told Rich; Rich then called her. She "confirmed the story," Rich wrote, "but would not comment further." On this slender evidence, Rich accused Brock, and the *Spectator*, of going "beyond the pale of even tabloid journalism." The accusation made no sense, but Rich also despises Gingrich, and the election had left him undone. ❐

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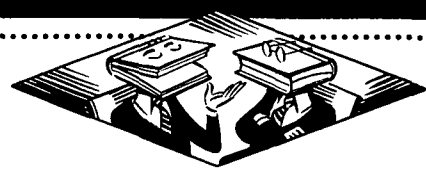

Mad About Methodism

by Mark D. Tooley

In an interview on religion that ran a week before last election day, *Newsweek* reported that "Hillary Rodham Clinton is as pious as she is political. Methodism, for her, is not just a church but an extended family of faith that defines her horizons." In the piece, Hillary calls herself an "old-fashioned Methodist," citing as proof the fact that a now-defunct Methodist student magazine called *motive* (always with a lower-case "m") deeply influenced her undergraduate years at Wellesley. She recalls a 1966 *motive* article by Carl Oglesby titled "World Revolution and American Containment" as particularly decisive in crafting her opposition to the Vietnam War. *Newsweek* says her anti-war beliefs shifted her from Goldwater conservatism to McGovern liberalism.

Newsweek describes Oglesby as a "Methodist theologian." He was actually an activist with—eventually president of—Students for a Democratic Society (SDS). In his 1966 piece, he mobilizes 8,000 words of small print to rail against the "virulent strain" of American imperialism that is enforced by big business and the Marines. "What would be so obviously wrong about a Vietnam run by Ho Chi Minh, [or] a Cuba by Castro?" Oglesby asks. He laments that the U.S., at the behest of the United Fruit Company, maintained "6,000 military bases" to combat "socialist tyrannies which are trying to feed, clothe, house, and cure their people."

Oglesby recalls Western intervention in Russia's civil war, the West's subsequent economic isolation of the Soviets, the West's sacrifice of the Soviets to the Nazis, the West's post-WWII calls for a "rollback" of the Soviets' East European "buffer zone" against a "nuclearized" West Germany, and the 1962 Cuban missile crisis "humiliation." Soviet foreign policy has tolerated America's Vietnam "outrages" and "theft" of the Dominican Republic, says Oglesby. With the U.S. and Soviets having settled into a comfortable truce, the U.S. has transferred its hostility to Red China and its supposed North Vietnamese allies.

If the U.S. has come to suspect Communist orchestration behind every liberation movement, Oglesby concludes, it is because "we ourselves have become such a manipulating power." The U.S. wants only a certain kind of peace, in which the "world will be safe for the American businessman, on terms always advantageous, in environments always protected by friendly or puppet oligarchies by the Marines themselves," he writes. Oglesby dismisses U.S. paranoia about falling dominoes and hopes that a large domino, like Brazil, will fall to leftists "who will break up foreign monopolies, raise wages, redistribute land and trade freely with all nations." These Brazilian leftists may go totalitarian, but he thinks this possibility "only deepens the case" against resisting them.

Such musings doubtless bewitched many teenage Methodists, most of whom then grew up and forgot all about them. By 1971 *motive* had become too radical for even the United Methodist Church, which took away its funding. *motive* devoted its final issues to "coming out," and then folded forever. But *motive* had changed irrevocably the worldview of young Hillary, who after three decades recounts that she "still has every issue they sent me."

Newsweek says Hillary "thinks like a Methodist, talks like a Methodist, and wants to reform society just like a Methodist churchwoman should." She and her husband faithfully attend Washington's liberal Foundry United Methodist Church. Its pastor, Phil Wogaman, is a former Democratic candidate for Congress and a leading advocate for abortion rights and the ordination of homosexuals. After Communism's collapse in Eastern Europe, Wogaman expressed hope in a 1990 article that "Socialism's Obituary is Premature" in view of the free market's continuing "idolatries." What must Foundry parishioners Bob and Elizabeth Dole think?

Never mind. United Methodism has returned Hillary's loyalty. Last fall, its Council of Bishops saluted her "moving witness to the Christian faith." When Newt Gingrich's mom called her you know what, the Methodist Women's Division joined with the National Council of Churches to protest. "Calling the First Lady of the United States a 'bitch' is unacceptable," intoned church spokeswomen. "Hillary Clinton is plowing new ground and for that many of us are grateful."

Parson John Wesley never used the "b" word, never envisioned a *motive* magazine, and never expected Methodism's First Lady to admire an incendiary like Oglesby. Methodism's founder preferred St. Paul, who wrote that when a child he had spoken and thought like a child, but once grown had learned to put away childish things. ❐

Mark D. Tooley is a research associate at the Institute on Religion & Democracy in Washington, D.C.

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IF YOU HAD TOLD ME 3 YEARS AGO I'D BE WRITING ANYTHING LIKE THIS AND PUBLISHING IT IN A MAGAZINE, I'D HAVE LAUGHED IN YOUR FACE – BUT HERE I AM.

This is NOT "multi-level," NOT a deal where I show you how to get rich by selling some book that tells other people how to get rich; NOT a deal where you buy catalogs or products from me to resell, you lose money and I make money. Actually, this is NOT like anything else you've ever seen advertised. And my story is true and I can prove it. Peggy and I are real people. You may get to know us, even get our private phone number and talk with us. Ours is NOT some "made up story."

MAKE MORE MONEY EACH DAY THAN MOST PEOPLE SWEAT FOR ALL MONTH LONG, COULD MY INCREDIBLE STORY LEAD YOU TO AN AMAZING INCOME TOO?

I'm a self-confessed opportunity junkie. For years, I bought books, tapes, kits, opportunities, distributorships and plans. Why? Because I had a job I hated. Oh, it was a "good job," and we had a nice house, cars, but I had to be away from home all the time, wear uncomfortable suits and ties, and I felt depressed, "stuck." I didn't want to wait until I was 65 to have fun. I wanted to be home, go to Little League with my kids, go fishing – so I was searching, always searching for an "opportunity."

Most of what I sent away for was useless. Silly. Insulting. Or too complicated and difficult. Or required risking lots of money. I remember thinking then; if I ever actually stumbled across anything that was 'real,' I'd tell the world. But I'm ahead of myself.

I thought my job was lousy until I lost it. At the same time I was dumping money into "mail-order ideas," trying to get a home-based business going, my employer went out of business. Without that paycheck, I was in big trouble quick. **You have to know how far down I was when I made my "discovery," so you can see that anybody can do what I've done.** We had to move in with Peggy's sister, live in their basement. We were one step away from homeless. And I managed to pile up $100,000.00 in debt on our credit cards, failing with my attempts at selling various things by mail.

I went from a "young, bright, successful guy with a great job" to an embarrassment to my family, a mooch to my friends. I sat in that basement, after Peggy and the kids went to sleep, on one hand feeling like finding a bridge and jumping; on the other hand, more determined than ever to find some way to make my "dream" of a successful, hassle-free business of my own come true.

Now here's the unbelievable "punch line:" in just 2 years, I leaped from the basement to buying a $385,000.00 house with half down, no other debt, lots of dough in the bank, with a steady daily income of over $4,000.00 arriving here in the mail, over my FAX machine, and a little bit by phone. Peggy and I run the business. We have one woman who comes here and helps us. Several ladies in the neighborhood stuff envelopes for us in their homes. I have made the "fantasy" REAL

AFTER YEARS OF BUYING WORTHLESS "JUNK" FROM OPPORTUNITY MARKETERS, AND AFTER GOING $100,000.00 IN DEBT TRYING TO MAKE MY IDEAS WORK – I FINALLY FOUND SOMEBODY WHO TOLD ME THE WHOLE TRUTH ABOUT MAKING MONEY WITH MAIL-ORDER AND DIRECT MARKETING.

After this REAL expert "tweaked" what I was doing –

Well, let me back up for just a minute. It cost an incredible $3,495.00 to go to this guy's Seminar. Plus airplane tickets. And hotel. I had a little room left on my last good credit card, we borrowed some money from friends, and we went. At the hotel, we didn't join the others in the restaurant. We ate peanut butter and crackers for dinner.

At his Seminar, this remarkable guy sat down with us, told us we were 90% of the way there with our product and idea, he made a few suggestions, and sent us home. The month before, September, 1991, we had taken in only $1,090.00. **Following his advice, our income exploded like a fireworks display. Here are the numbers, absolutely verifiable by my bank deposits:** in October, we took in $13,400.00. In November: $26,200.00. December: $49,800. **In 1992, I took in over ONE MILLION DOLLARS, and I kept about HALF AS PURE PROFIT, after all my expenses.**

We run the business from a little 400-square foot office on top of the garage. I have no fixed overhead and no employees to worry about. No joke, some mornings I've made over $1,000.00 while still sitting around in my underwear, reading the paper, maybe talking on the phone with a customer – if I'm in the mood. I'm home for my kids. I bought a boat to go fishing on with my buddies. And it gets even better – wait until I tell you about "Auto-Pilot." But, first:

I DON'T EXPECT YOU TO BELIEVE A WORD OF WHAT I'M SAYING.

Shoot, Peggy and I still have to pinch ourselves, to be sure we're not dreaming. The few friends I've told have called me a liar. Our neighbors devoutly believe we won a lottery somewhere.

Well, I hope you know that I can't LIE in print like this. I could get in big trouble. So I've got all the records, the bank statements, my accountant, my diary, to PROVE everything I've said here is true. And I'm prepared to send PROOF to you, too.

Now, what about what YOU can do, and how I might help YOU? And, why would I? Well, I'm going to explain that, and make it all COMPLETELY RISK-FREE TO YOU.

So, I continue; once taught the truth, the "underground secrets" about mail-order, I took off like a rocket. Now I've turned my business into a step-by-step SYSTEM that anybody of average intelligence can copy and use. So far, I've taught it only to about 20 people, in a little seminar I put together, where I charged them $795.00 to attend. I used these people as "guinea pigs," to be sure others could follow my System and make money just like I have.

IF I CAN REALLY SHOW YOU HOW TO MAKE $500, $1000 OR MORE BEFORE NOON EVERYDAY, WITHOUT LEAVING YOUR HOUSE – HOW MUCH SHOULD I CHARGE YOU FOR MY HELP? MAYBE A BIG, FAT "FRANCHISE FEE." NO, NOT EVEN CLOSE.

One couple went home and made $12,000.00 in 3 weeks. Another fellow took a simple product he'd been fooling around with and made $5,000.00 in just 19 days. Another is already making over $500.00 a day! So I guess I could do more seminars and charge $700, maybe more to teach this – but the last thing I want to do is WORK! **I've decided to reveal it all in a simple little book anybody can afford.**

WHY WOULD I SHARE ALL THIS WITH YOU? First, it takes nothing away from me to let you in on everything I've discovered. You see, each person applies my System differently, to different products and different markets. So I lose nothing by sharing. Second, Peggy and I are very grateful for the hand up we got – and he's said to us, "Don't thank me – give somebody else a hand up." As corny as it sounds, we're proof that the American Dream lives and **can be yours,** too. Remember, I know what it's like to be trapped in a depressing job. To be dead broke, scared, embarrassed. To see others do so much better and wonder: why them – not me? And to send away for opportunities," looking for help, but getting "trash." So I've decided to come into magazines like this with a very straightforward, FULLY GUARANTEED offer of real help, of a proven System, and see what happens. When I realized that anybody could use my System and quickly create home-based incomes of $1,000.00 or more PER DAY, I got excited about teaching people how to do that.

I WILL GUARANTEE EVERYTHING. YOU BE THE JUDGE. I KNOW, IT'S HARD TO BELIEVE, BUT WHAT IF I'M RIGHT?

With my book, "How You Can Make $4,000.00 A Day Sitting At Your Kitchen Table in Your Underwear," you are PROTECTED BY MY SIMPLE GUARANTEE. And I would be an idiot to risk ruining my $200,000.00-A-MONTH business to steal pocket change from you. Wouldn't that be incredibly stupid? So, you have TWO FULL MONTHS to use my System. Anytime during those 2 months, IF YOU WANT A REFUND, YOU GET A REFUND. NO hassles, NO questions, NO screwing around.

By the way, Peggy HATES the title I've put on this book. She says that it's bad enough that I do sit around the house in my underwear, why tell anybody about it? I embarrass her. I'm a little "unpolished." When I do talk with a customer on the phone, I may be laying in a lounge chair, in my shorts, using a portable phone. I've even taken one call sitting on the commode. Well, I guess I just want you to understand that I'm just a plain, ordinary guy. A long suffering Cubs fan. A thrilled three-peat 'Da Bulls' fan. I don't golf; I bowl. I don't drink wine; I'm a Bud man. I have absolutely no special education, training, experience or qualifications likely to make me a success in direct marketing or mail-order. EVERYTHING I've done to go from dead-broke to making over 2-million dollars from home in 3 years, YOU can do too.

WHAT WILL YOU DISCOVER? SOME OF THE THINGS I'LL REVEAL ABOUT HOW I MAKE $1,000.00 OR MORE BY NOON EVERYDAY, WITHOUT LEAVING MY HOUSE (OR EVEN WHILE SITTING ON MY BOAT).

- **How I Got Started With A Little $138.00 Ad – That Made $3,240.00**
- How To Follow My "Stepladder" Of Careful Re-Investment Of Profits (By the 3rd month, I took in over $50,000.00 from just $2,200.00 worth of advertising)
- THE "SECRET" PLACE TO ADVERTISE, where small ads produce giant response...over **500 places to advertise** at dirt-cheap rates, virtually ignored by the entire mail-order industry... where you'll have little or no competition and rake in huge profits
- Why & How To Sell High-Priced, Big Profit Items: how I sell an item for $455.00 that costs me less than $40
- How to obtain THE PERFECT PRODUCTS for marketing with my System, without making any big investments
- The amazing "Triple Hoop" advertising secret that lets me keep using a small budget to get big results – so I can TAKE A LOT OF CASH OUT OF MY BUSINESS EVERY MONTH. You can too. (This year, I'm on schedule to TAKE $950,000.00 FOR MY FAMILY, to pay off my house, for vacations, for investments, for charities.)
- How to **"LIVE THE FANTASY"** –a home-based business that is worry-free, hassle-free
- The huge differences between my System and the tired, old, recycled, "unreal" 'plans' you keep seeing advertised
- How to start RIGHT NOW – **without leaving your job, with just a few hours a week**
- Get The Picture You're At Home While Everybody Else Fights Traffic Going To Work...The Mailman Arrives...Every Envelope You Open Has MONEY In It.

AND IT GETS EVEN BETTER – TWO ADDED BENEFITS THAT MAKE THIS THE ONLY HOME-BASED BUSINESS WORTH HAVING.

I've found the way to put my business on AUTO-PILOT. It virtually runs itself. We take days off, vacations, go fishing, goof off like crazy. And the money keeps flowing in. One person, who helps out (Jill – you may talk to her later) keeps everything on track. Next year, I'm taking the entire summer off! **I'll teach YOU how to quickly create a giant income, then, take the next big step to 'Auto-Pilot'**

EVERY GOOD THING YOU'VE HEARD, EVERY GREAT FANTASY YOU'VE EVER HAD ABOUT MAIL-ORDER IS TRUE, BUT...

Yes, mail-order IS the best business in the world. BUT, and it's a big but, the "tricks" are to know what products to sell (and what products to avoid); where to advertise (and where not to); the honest truth about 800-numbers, 900-numbers, sales letters, ads, radio, TV, classifieds; what LIES are being sold – in other words, you have to be able to sort out the "right stuff." Well, there may be other ways to make a lot of money in mail-order, I can't say. But I can tell you that **MY SYSTEM lets you start as a "little guy," for small money, no risk, in your spare time, from home...MY SYSTEM contains THREE ENORMOUSLY IMPORTANT SECRETS (I've talked about one of them in this article) that can just about insure anybody's success...MY SYSTEM WORKS.**

LET'S WRAP THIS UP:

I have perfected a very unusual Mail-Order Moneymaking System, the ideal home business, that gives me over $4,000.00 A DAY; that I really believe YOU can learn and use, too. I've described EVERYTHING in my book, and you can have your copy for **just $19.95** – satisfaction absolutely guaranteed. This is, however, a limited time offer. I intend to raise the price of my book sometime soon. And to be totally, even "overboard" fair to everybody, I'm going to limit the number we sell this year. So, you need to respond now. TO ORDER WITH YOUR VISA, MASTERCARD OR AMERICAN EXPRESS, CALL TOLL FREE TO 1-800-721-8003, EXT. M126. She'll take your order and see that your book goes out to you immediately, along with my private phone number, proof of everything I've told you, and a lot more I haven't had room to tell you about. (Or mail your check or money-order for $19.95 plus $3.50 shipping/handling to: JPDK, Inc., 121 North Washington Street, Dept. M126, Naperville, IL 60540.) You can turn your back on me right now and ignore everything I've said – but why? Maybe my System can free you from money worries and day-to-day drudgery forever. Find out!

PS: WARNING: HILLARY CLINTON HAS BIG PLANS FOR YOU AND YOUR HARD-EARNED MONEY.

Forget all the hooplah: the "rich" are NOT going to bear the burden of Hillary and Bill's massive tax-upon-tax-upon tax plans. There aren't enough of us "rich." It's the middle-class, middle-income 'wage slave' that Hillary has her sights set on. YOU are the target. The only real way to fight back is to make so darned much money that what you have left over AFTER their damage is still fantastic. That's where I am. With $200,000.00 A MONTH coming in, I can let 'em take their best shots, tax me six ways to Sunday, and I still wind up with more "keepsie money" per month than most folks earn in a year. My answer is THE only practical answer. So you can sit there and watch helplessly as the Clintons chew up your take-home pay...or you can chase after silly, pie-in-the-sky, unproven, unsubstantiated get rich schemes...or you can let me teach you a proven, truly practical way to jump up to such a huge income that you can sit back and laugh at Hillary. Which is it going to be?

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Bottom Line

by Benjamin J. Stein

Tuesday

"No money, no life," says my magician pal Larry Wilson, who heard it from a Chinese man years ago when we were all hippies together in Santa Cruz before I went East to work for Richard Nixon. (I was the only hippie in America to vote for RN in 1972.) I've been thinking about it a great deal today because of the look on the face of my pal, Hilda, a 42-year-old art teacher who just became a single mother, and the look on the face of her baby Patty, when Patty is in her Exer-Saucer staring at her mother.

It's a wide-eyed, mouth-open, five-and-a-half-month-old-baby look of *total* adoration. Hilda is with the baby most of the day and all of the night, feeding her, playing with her, cooing at her, changing her Pampers. Every need that Patty has is almost instantly met by Hilda, a woman without a husband or boyfriend or well-to-do parents. Patty looks at her mother as if her mother were God, and not only God, but her best friend, and her jester, and her whole universe. Patty's right, because Hilda is simply a superb mother.

The problem is that Hilda is often crying these days when Patty is gazing at her. Hilda is crying because she's so worried about money. She is already living on the edge, is tapped out of her savings, and has no one to borrow from (except maybe me). "After next month, I don't even know how I can pay my rent," Hilda said today. "I might literally be homeless."

I made a mental note that I would not let her become homeless, but I made a few other mental notes as well.

It so happens that I spend a fair amount of time thinking and reading and teaching and writing about money. I talk about savers getting ripped off, about trustees who can't be trusted, about accountants from whom you simply cannot ever get a straight count, and about geniuses like Warren Buffett who make their investors rich. But when I look at Hilda and Patty, I keep thinking that the look on the baby's face and the look on Mommy's face is the real bottom line.

Money is a vital life enhancer. If you have it, you can enjoy life incomparably more than if you don't. The great storehouses of travel, leisure, rest, refinement, appearance, health, above all, peace of mind—all of these are open to you if you have money. It doesn't have to be millions, or even hundreds of thousands. But it has to be enough so that you can know from one hour to the next that you are not going to be starved, dunned by your creditors, thrown out of your apartment, put on the street, made to fear becoming homeless—made so that you cannot do what you need to do for your baby.

Seeing Hilda's terror at her possible inability to take care of Patty has made me consider once again my aging parents and how very different their lives are. My parents, who are not really rich, have never, as adults, as far as I can recall, been seriously worried about money. There's a simple reason for that: they have always lived modestly, even frugally, and have always had wants that are modest compared with their means. They are not geniuses at investing and have never been wildly well paid. They have just been like the ant, laying aside money year in and year out, and now they have a comfy cushion around them. They have never come even close to the edge of having to spend more than they have. Their friends and colleagues of their age all seem to be similarly situated. What I keep coming back to is that the real Bottom Line is a simple idea that the savers know and the terrorized don't: Money is not for spending. Money is first for saving, and *then* for spending.

Or, you might put it a different way. Money is not for spending *now*. Money is for spending on a rainy day. If that rainy day doesn't come in your life, it might come in your children's or their children's. Money is protection, the shield and the buckler for your family and for you. There is no new suit of clothes, no vacation, no new car that can offset the pain of being truly worried about running out of money. I have had that fear. It comes at about five in the morn-

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ing, and it keeps you awake and makes your mouth dry and makes you hate the sound of the birds singing in the morning. It's probably not realistic in my case, but I don't want anyone I love to come even close to it, especially not Hilda and her sweet Patty.

Wednesday

Ah, but then there is Hawaii. Dreams come true in Blue Hawaii, so said the King. I have always loved it ever since the first time I went there in 1973, in the airplane of the secretary of the treasury, George Pratt Shultz, en route back from Japan. We landed at Hickam Field in the middle of the night and went in a cavalcade to the Kuilima Resort on the north shore of Oahu. I still remember how warm the ocean was at three in the morning.

Mr. Perfect and I are on our way to the Big Island, Hawaii. I took him out of school for a couple of days so that he and I could bond in the sunshine. At the suggestion of my wonderful pal, DeAnne Barkley, the co-inventor (along with Barry Diller) of the Made for TV Movie, now retired to a compound in Kailua, Kona, with many of her children and her grandchildren, we will be heading for the Kona coast. In particular, we are heading towards the Hilton Waikoloa Village, a spread (or so we hear) custom-made for kids.

In preparation for this trip, I made an important investment in peace of mind. I bought Mr. Perfect a thing called a Game Gear—a portable Sega Genesis! Its purpose in life is to absorb Mr. Perfect so that he does not badger me with demands to tell him endless Ren and Stimpy stories while I'm trying to sleep. I love him and don't mind telling him stories, but more than three is too many on one trip.

I have a wonderful feeling when I'm with Tommy on the airplane. It's sort of like I'm out on a date with the best looking girl in high school. Only I'm with the best looking human on the plane, and he's my son (although people often think he's my grandson). I figure that everyone on the plane is secretly or openly jealous that I have such a gorgeous and sweet boy with me, even if they don't say anything.

We watched a movie about Nick Nolte and Julia Roberts being reporters. I wonder what makes anyone like Julia Roberts. She's always looked like a cross-dresser to me. Well, I guess this is why I am an outcast in Hollywood. Except for Markie Post, I can't think of any really pretty stars.

Speaking of which, I have a small but very funny part in the new movie *Richie Rich*. Joel Silver, the producer, came up to me at Morton's the other day and told me how great I was in it and how much preview audiences loved me. But when the cast-and-crew screening happened, guess who wasn't invited? Right, me. That really hurts my feelings. This whole town has a way of just pulverizing your feelings until you feel like mush. Then it lifts you up again, and then breaks you down again until you wind up in the Victory Cafe, waiting for the final bullet while drinking Victory Gin and telling Julia that you betrayed her, too.

Well, enough whining. We landed at Honolulu, waited for a brief while in the American Airlines tiny, very, very inadequate Admirals' Club, and then headed off to The Big Island. While I waited, I made many calls to my lawyer. I'm having a huge problem with a certain ad agency and a certain network over some local spots I did for them that they then showed nationally. (They say they always were allowed to and I made a mistake, and I'm sure they're sincere.) This has made the wonderful people in Baltimore that I did the ABC local spots for justly angry. Now I'm in the middle of it even though I did nothing wrong, and it's jacking me up like crazy. Litigation, even potential litigation, keeps you on edge. I hate it.

We flew to Kona. DeAnne was there at the outdoor airport, with her grandson Shane and a little tiny very green lizard he had picked up while waiting for us. (It's different at LAX, where lizards pick *you* up.) She drove us past miles of black volcanic moonscape until we came to our fabulous hotel. As might have been expected, they had no reservation for us until the next day, even though I had my reservation in my hand. Well. Hawaii. It's called Paradise for a reason. No one thinks. No, that's not fair. Some people think.

We swam and went down the water slide over and over again (I love water slides). Then back to our room. I had an urgent call from my lawyer. I returned it, and he told me that some bad guys were spreading vile slanders about me. I was berserk. The call went on for an hour, and Tommy began to cry because he was hungry for dinner. Never mind that he had food in the room. Never mind that he had refused to eat on the plane. No, now he was hungry and was crying.

I got off the phone and took him to a dining room where swans and ducks and koi fish swam by as we ate our miserable buffet. Tommy ate and then said, "Daddy, are we going to sue those guys? Those bad guys?"

"Probably," I said, "even though I don't want to. I might have to."

"Daddy," Tommy asked, "are we gonna kick their ass in court?"

"Bad language, Tommy," I said.

"Are we gonna take their pants down in court and make them cry?" he asked eagerly.

My little partner. My best friend. "You bet we are, Tommy," I said, sailing on top of the world, in love.

Friday

DeAnne has kindly bought tickets for Tommy and me to go on a real undersea submarine that

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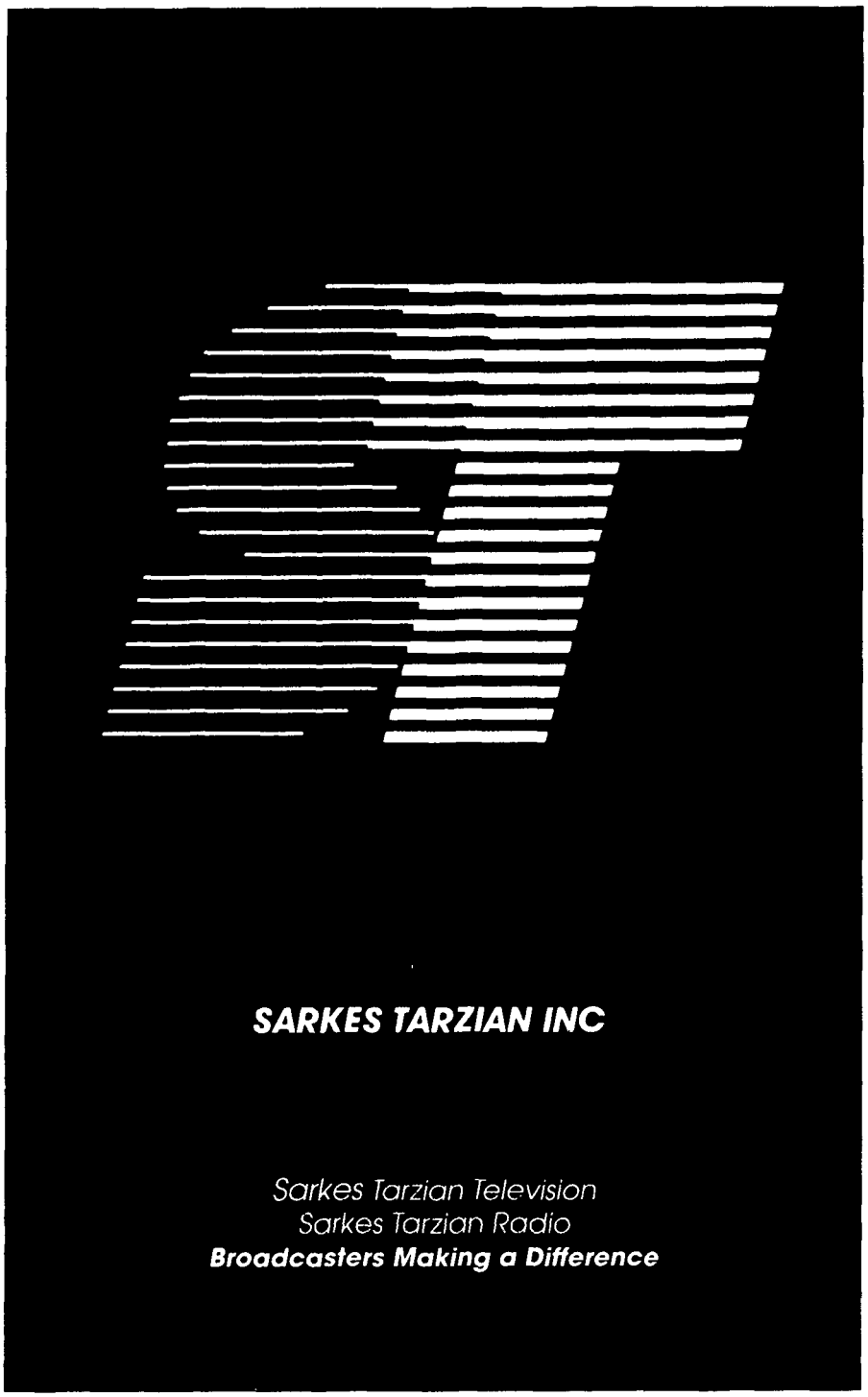
goes out into the ocean at Kona Harbor and shows you fish. It was amazingly lively there underwater. We saw millions of brightly colored fish. "It's a fish-eat-fish world down here," said the sub captain. A lunatic tourist had a fit, maybe because of claustrophobia, and complained in a shriek that I was hitting him. Oh, well. The sad truth is that it's a lot of work to go on vacation and be around strange people.

Tommy, DeAnne, and I had dinner by ourselves out on a cliff overlooking the ocean. A huge full moon was coming through the clouds and then through the palms. The sky was slightly blue even at 9 p.m. in December. We could see the whitecaps of the waves breaking on the promontory below the hotel. Tommy had a steak, and when the waiter asked him how he wanted it cooked, he said, just like his Daddy, "As rare as you can make it." Oh Tommy, you little angel.



Wednesday

I'm back and it's the week before Christmas and everyone's miserable. My former assistant, the lovely and very, very talented Gale, was supposed to have lunch with me. She called instead. "I'm too depressed about the holidays to have lunch," she said. Gale has just come back from four months of skiing in Nepal. "It's scary sometimes being a woman traveling alone in Nepal. I got lost and had to hike for twenty miles to get to the nearest town," Gale said. "There was not a sound, not an animal, not a bird. Nothing except the wind. But I wasn't as scared as I am every time I go out on a date or stop at a stoplight in Hollywood. It's making me depressed."

"Gale," I said, "this too shall pass. You are a beautiful girl who has a million men in love with her. Glory in your youth. Be happy." Yes, that's it. Don't worry, be happy. Why didn't I think of that sooner?

Right after that talk, I had a surprise visit from Cassie, a woman I knew many years ago in Washington. She lives near me in Los Angeles and decided to stun me by dropping in after twenty years. She looked somewhat the same, but much older. "Can you help me?" she asked. "I feel so depressed. My boyfriend told me I wasn't playing with a full deck. He told me he's going back to his old girlfriend because she was like oatmeal and could feed him day after day and I was too unpredictable, like different kinds of Mexican food. Plus, I'm all alone at the holidays. Can you give me a drink? I wish I could get a better job. Can you get me an agent? Maybe get me some commercials? Can you help me get a novel published? Can you refill my drink? Do you remember my boyfriend from college? He's really rich now. I wish I had married him. By the way, I saw you at Santa Anita putting down a bet about a month ago."

"I've never in my life been to a race track in California. Not ever," I said.

"Yes. you have," she insisted. "You must have forgotten. I swear, you have been. I swear. Are you calling me a liar after I came all the way over to see you? Are you trying to make me seem crazy, because a lot of people say I'm crazy, but I'm really just an honest person who calls them as she sees them. Can I have another drink? Can I just keep the bottle?"

Cassie gave me a Christmas present, a

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pillow with storks catching fish in their beaks. Almost certainly a rewrap.

Saturday

Christmas Eve. I am out at the beach being visited by Hilda and her baby Patty. There has been a Christmas Miracle in her life. A well-known industrialist and his wife hired her to paint a portrait of their kids. It paid her much more than she needs for the next few months, and she's happy. Now her baby is even happier. The baby literally sings with delight at being alive. I mean lies in her portable playpen and sings and coos. When I pick her up, she beams at me, collapses with the joy of life, and starts to goo-goo with sheer delight. She's just screaming with happiness at being alive.

I wish mothers who think about abortion could spend an hour with Hilda and Patty and me. I guess I am naive, but if any man or woman saw the joy and the love of that baby, he or she simply could not kill her. When I think of the happiness murdered at the source—by their parents—I really get dizzy.

Oh, well. A time to laugh and a time to cry. Now, it's time to decorate the huge tree I got, with the wonderful ornaments that my pal Mimi bought so long ago. She even bought those wonderful lights that bubble. I love them. Alex and the angel, Tommy, are in Philadelphia visiting her sister. I have the dogs, plus Hilda and Patty. I have a big fire in the fireplace (in fact, it occasionally fills the living room with smoke). I can see more stars tonight than ever before. The whole sky is vibrating, glowing, shaking with light.

Sunday

Christmas Day. I had no presents, and that's only fair, because I buy myself just about anything I need. Still, I missed Tommy desperately. I love Patty, but she's no Tommy.

I got a call from my pal Tammy in Alabama, one of my favorite places. She's upset at the stories about Newt Gingrich and his $4.5 million book deal with the same company that owns the Fox network and is in front of the Congress constantly. I don't blame her one little bit. "I thought these guys were different," she said. "What about the Contract With America that said Congress would live by the same laws as the rest of the government? If I were a clerk-typist for the Commerce Department, I wouldn't be allowed to take a hundred dollars for a book review from my local paper here in Florence. But now it's all right for Newt to take four million for reworking a bunch of essays. I just became a Republican," she said, "and I don't know if I'm going to stay a Republican after this. I really feel as if there's nowhere to turn."

I, your humble servant, happen to be an enormous, and I mean huge, fan of Newt Gingrich. I think I would sleep well at night if he were president. But this business with the books was a clear mistake. It costs us conservatives too much political capital to defend him in a deal that doesn't look right. I will tell you, as a fellow who spends his life working on financially questionable deals, that it's not going to be possible for him to be impartial about anything

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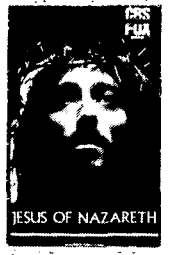

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having to do with Fox from now on. This is not right. Now it's going to look awful no matter what he does.

People seem to forget that the Republicans only barely have control of the Congress. If something comes along that doesn't sit right with the voters, the Democrats will be back faster than you can say bloc vote.

Tommy and Mommy called from Philadelphia to tell me about all of Tommy's presents: a rowboat with an outboard motor, about ten different kinds of video game things, something called a Battlesaurus, which his uncle assembled, very luckily for me.

"I miss you very much, my boy," I said, "and I'm glad you liked the presents."

"Santa must have known what a good boy I was in Hebrew class," he said.

What a racket this kid has. He gets gifts for every conceivable holiday. I imagine next year he'll demand things for Kwanzaa. But also, how wonderful. He still believes in Santa Claus. He actually believes Santa flies over and drops his presents down the chimney.

Oh, my angel boy, I am so glad you like the presents that Santa brought you. You deserve them. You are our present, our reason for living.

Thursday

What, you must be asking yourselves, is the daily life of a character actor like me moment by moment? Just exactly like yours.

Up at 7 a.m. to call the Los Angeles Municipal Court to find out how to pay a traffic ticket by mail and get into traffic school so that my already staggering insurance bill does not get any higher. The court clerk kept me on hold for exactly one hour. After that I called American Airlines to buy some tickets for a trip to Washington. This required that I be on hold for forty minutes, after which I was disconnected without further ado. Then I went to the bank to deposit a small check for acting. I filled out my deposit slip, handed the check to the teller. "This check isn't signed," she said. "You'll have to take it back and get it signed."

Arrrghh.

I took the check to the woman who had made it out to me. She cheerfully signed it. "What are you up to now?" she asked.

"I have to take Tommy to a dermatologist," I said. "He has a rash that he makes worse by always picking it."

"Who's the doctor?" she asked.

I told her the name. She went pale. "I know him," she said. "He put an acid wash on the face of one of my clients and her skin was ruined for seven years. I had to be in depositions for a week about how much money she lost. Now you know."

I picked up Tommy for his appointment. He was with his pal Omid, a very nice Persian boy who lives across the street. "Today," Tommy said happily, "my job is to make Daddy crazy and annoy him by singing songs from Donkey Kong Country."

Then he started to sing a song which is about crepitation. I made him stop. He started singing it again. Over and over. Then he picked up a *Los Angeles* magazine from the floor of the car. He started to look through its glossy pages. "Hmm," he said. "Woman with diamonds. Man with car. Palm trees. Vacation spot. Jewelry. Another vacation spot. Mean-looking man. Beautiful woman with bathing suit. Clothes. More clothes. Pile of jewelry. Fancy car. More jewelry, Fancy car. Dumb-looking people. Los Angeles." Then he tossed the magazine on the floor.

After the visit, we went to see *Richie Rich*. I'm in it, but my scene was cut a lot. It's yet another movie about a child taking control of his elders by having lots of money. This is a major theme in Hollywood. I think it's because the kids here are symbolically saying, "See, Mom, I left Brooklyn and came here and got rich and now I, and not Dad, am in charge." The Jewish religion is very rich in conflicts between fathers and sons.

Friday

Up in the morning to hear that Newt has returned that money from Murdoch. Yeah. I told you he was a great guy. Now if Clinton would just return the money he took from the taxpayers through the S&L's, tell us what really happened to Vincent Foster, and then apologize to Paula Corbin Jones and then resign and take Al Gore with him, everything would be good. ❐

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'96 Cheers

by Grover G. Norquist

Since the "inauguration" of Speaker Gingrich and Majority Leader Dole, the most frequently asked question in Republican circles in Washington has been, "Who should be the candidate for president in 1996?" It is not, for the moment, an especially crucial question. While capturing the presidency is important to complete the Republican assumption of power in Washington, it is increasingly less important just who that president is. With limited resources, a focused Republican Party should be as interested in maintaining the House majority—and winning 60 solid Republican votes in the Senate—as it is about the White House.

A presidential candidate is no longer needed to give the Republican Party a vision. Ronald Reagan was the Republican platform in 1980 and 1984, while Republican candidates for the House and Senate rode on his coattails. Without Reagan on the ballot in 1982 and 1986, however, Republicans faltered. In 1988 Bush ran as Reagan redux and gave the party the "Read my lips" anti-tax position. Bush's betrayal of that pledge in 1990 hurt the entire party in the midterm elections; Ed Rollins argues it cost Republicans twenty-six seats in the House.

The next Republican president will be more the Treasurer of the company rather than the Chief Executive Officer. The CEO (Congress) gets to decide how money is spent, the Treasurer (the president) simply signs the checks. Republicans must remember, however, while devaluing the presidency, not to treat it with complete disregard. The Democrats held both houses of Congress for forty years (less the 1980-1986 loss of the Senate) and, over time, came to look down on the presidency—witness the sorts they have thrown up as nominees. Democratic leaders and committee chairs never had any interest in deferring to the visions or agenda of these men. Each actually ran on the Democratic congressional wish list as his campaign agenda. Hence the vicious trashing of each presidential contender for the crime of losing: Carter in 1980, Mondale in 1984, and Dukakis in 1988.

The most important task for any Republican presidential candidate will be to avoid embarrassing the party, for the GOP cannot afford a candidate who carries Clintonite luggage of personal scandal and financial corruption. Republicans have an advantage in this department, as the establishment press in Washington will thoroughly vet any Republican candidate for personal and political failings. This is a quadrennial favor the three networks, the *Washington Post*, and the *New York Times* provide the party free of charge. Potentially embarrassing Republicans would be shot down by a press that does not cover up for GOP contenders what it regularly overlooks in Democrats.

But the press bias in favor of the Democrats ultimately hurts them by failing to "scrub" their candidates. Gary Hart's personal philandering was known to all in the Washington press corps, but was ignored until the Dukakis campaign exploited the information. The family finances of Geraldine Ferraro were paid no attention until she had been awarded the nomination. Bill Clinton's personal life was known to every reporter with sources in Arkansas. But to help the Democrats, the establishment press stonewalled the stories of Clinton's personal excesses until he had won the White House.

Republican success in the midterm elections was evidence of a sea change in the party. The struggle between elite, liberal easterners and populist conservatives has finally been decided in favor of the latter: the days of the Lodges and Rockefellers are over. The liberal ascendancy began with Thomas Dewey in 1944 and continued with

Grover G. Norquist is president of Americans for Tax Reform.

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Dwight Eisenhower's defeat of conservative Ohio senator Robert Taft in 1952. Nixon defeated New York Gov. Nelson Rockefeller in 1960, but to do so he had to accommodate the eastern liberals with his vice-presidential selection, Henry Cabot Lodge of Massachusetts. Barry Goldwater's victory over Rockefeller four years later marked the definitive shift to the Sun Belt, confirmed by Ronald Reagan in 1980 after a final hurrah for Gerald Ford in 1976.

Nowadays, the remaining anti-conservatives on Capitol Hill—such as John Chaffee, Jim Jeffords, Sherry Boehlert, and Steve Horn—are a dwindling minority; they have no leadership roles and are approaching retirement or defeat in the next round of GOP primaries. If Republican liberals exist in the Newt freshman class, they are talking publicly just like Reaganites.

The campaign to gain conservative control of the House and Senate took even longer than the struggle to win conservative control over the GOP presidential nomination process. Republican House staffers point out that Jack Kemp was not elected into leadership until 1980. Some argue that there was no Reaganite working majority of the Republican caucus in the House until 1984. In the Senate, it was not until after the 1994 elections that one could speak of an ideologically conservative majority in the Republican caucus. With longer terms, senators elected before Reagan have of course turned over more slowly than pre-Reagan House members. In the House, for example, Bob Michel has retired, but in the Senate, Bob Dole remains the Republican leader—as he has since 1984.

The tremendous success of the Contract With America ensures there will be another one in 1996, when the Senate will surely insist on being an equal partner with the House in writing its terms. In 1994, Gingrich and Armey urged Dole and Gramm to join them in drafting and promoting the pledge, but the Senate felt itself above such commitments. While the Republican agenda has thus been created entirely by the House, voters and the establishment media have made no differentiation between Republicans who ran on the pledge for the House and senators who lamely point out (in private, not public) that they never signed any contract. The Republican candidate for president must unite, not divide, a Republican coalition that still has some laggards in it—and that will take some skill. Ronald Reagan stretched to embrace the entire conservative coalition: small businessmen, taxpayers, traditional values conservatives, pro- lifers, gun owners, right-to-work supporters. He did not try to add any element to the Republican coalition that would drive out a similarly sized or larger existing member of the coalition.

The contract Republicans offer in 1996 will outdo the party's own platform in importance and will be drafted by House and Senate leaders, with almost certain assistance from governors. The presidential candidate will run on this contract, not write it. Pete du Pont, who coordinated the state legislative effort in the midterm elections, predicts that all fifty states will respond to popular demand and have fully written contracts for the 1996 election.

A Republican president might well speed up the dismantling of the welfare state and help to disperse power back to states and individuals, but the next two years will demonstrate just how much a party determined to reduce the size and cost of government can accomplish without having control of the White House. Liberals hope to govern from the presidency as Reagan did—against another party in control of the Congress. But the powers of the presidency and the powers of Congress are far from being an even match.

The president can stop or slow demands for new laws, higher taxes, and more spending; he can veto; he can threaten to veto. But his office is a weak weapon against a Congress determined *not* to pass a bill, *not* to raise taxes, *not* to spend more money. If Clinton wants $20 billion for a spending program, and Newt Gingrich can convince the Republican House to hold the line at $10 billion, a veto gives Clinton's program not $20 billion, but zero. Clinton can veto tax cuts and deregulatory laws, but not budget cuts. And every billion not spent means the loss of 20,000 government jobs at $50,000 per annum. If Senate Republicans actually cut spending $40 billion a year as promised, the equivalent of 800,000 workers at $50,000 each will be eliminated. That tears a chunk out of the Democratic coalition of government workers and tax recipients. And Clinton won't be able to do a thing about it. ❐

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Pitt Bull

by James Bowman

Even in its great days, Hollywood rarely did history very well. There is something about the fashion-consciousness and the self-absorption, which are hallmarks of Tinseltown, that makes it particularly difficult to escape from the limitations of the present in order to see the world as our ancestors saw it. But nowadays, costume dramas often get the costumes right while getting everything else ludicrously wrong. ***Legends of the Fall*** by Edward Zwick is a Harlequin Romance brought to the screen as a vehicle for the teen heartthrob, Brad Pitt, apparently without irony or any sense of its own absurdity. Played straight like this in our postmodern age, it puts one a little in awe of its sheer bare-faced chutzpah.

Besides Pitt, the film stars Anthony Hopkins as the pioneer patriarch and former Indian fighter who has come to loathe "the government" and all it stands for, Aidan Quinn as the jealous older brother, and Henry Thomas as the adorable but doomed younger brother. Thomas was once the little boy in *E.T.* and so can now claim the distinction of having starred in two of the worst films ever made before the age of 21. He is engaged to the beauteous Susannah (Julia Ormond), a woman whom both of his brothers and his father also fall in love with. The three boys go off to fight the First World War, slogging through the trenches in their dress uniforms, but only two come back, the brooding and saturnine Alfred (Quinn) and the romantic nature boy with the flowing mane of golden hair, Tristan (Pitt).

The tale is narrated by an Indian who is to all appearances ancient when the story begins, sometime in the first decade of this century, yet who outlives Tristan, who dies in 1963. He tells us that Tristan as a boy tangled with a grizzly bear (played by Bart the Bear, who does the best acting in the film) and was raked with its claws before getting a bit of his own back by cutting off one of the claws with his knife. "The old ones say that when a man and an animal spill each other's blood, they become one," the Indian narrator tells us. So when Tristan, for no discernible reason, develops itchy feet and abandons his incipient relationship with Susannah in order to do romantic things like sail the Pacific single-handed or hunt big game in Africa, it is "the Bear's voice growling in him."

Tristan's wanderings are accompanied by big sky shots and big sea shots. "Tristan's always been wild," Alfred tells Susannah, who doesn't love him but marries him anyway. "You love him for it." Susannah can't bear that she has married the wrong brother and kills herself. The Indian maiden whom Tristan does marry (of course, he still loves Susannah) is killed by the damn government, which has killed so many of her race before her. Alfred joins the damn government as a congressman and becomes corrupt, naturally. But at length he redeems himself by killing the agents of the damn government himself, and he and his father and brother are all reconciled. So all ends happily, apart from the fact that all the women are dead. Well, that's romance for you.

Conservatives, I suppose, should be sympathetic to the notion that the damn government is the enemy of romance, but the mindlessness of its demonization in *Legends of the Fall* or two others of this month's films, ***Bad Company*** and ***Murder in the First***, ought to worry us. I don't propose to address these latter two pictures in detail. *Bad Company* offers us a world where government and big business meet that is exclusively populated by moral slimebags and where the one left standing at the end is a civilian bimbo and the least morally loathsome of the lot. How happy an ending this is I leave to those who care. *Murder in the First* goes back into the past in order to confirm yet again the only two things that the devoted American moviegoer knows about prisons: that all the convicts who are not innocent are guilty only of the most trivial and justified crimes, and that the guards and wardens are psychopaths and sadists who routinely torture prisoners and abuse their authority.

Such an obviously 1990s point of view looks even sillier transported into the 1940s than it otherwise would. For once it is Kevin Bacon who is doing the overacting here and not Gary Oldman, who plays the sadistic warden. But Oldman shows that he hasn't lost his touch in ***Immortal Beloved***, by Bernard Rose, another costume drama whose claims to historical authenticity, such as they are, are as laughable as the overheated romance that it attributes to the life of Beethoven.

James Bowman, our movie critic, is American editor of the Times Literary Supplement.

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Actually, the more offensive thing about this film is that it treats Beethoven's works as program music—a mere narrative accompaniment to an account of his personal life, especially his supposed sexual adventures and the supposed childhood trauma of being beaten by his drunken father. This is crass and philistine as well as historically suspect, and it imposes late twentieth-century attitudes on early nineteenth-century people.

Is not the last movement of the Ninth symphony a compelling work? Does it not engage and move us? What, then, is the point of burdening the music with irrelevant and rather laughable images of the young Beethoven floating in a lake under a starry sky as a kind of visual analogue? But what else can you expect of a film whose idea of historical sophistication is Isabella Rossellini as the Countess Erdödy explaining: "But then Napoleon showed that he was no different from any aristocrat. Everybody was betrayed. It was the way of the modern world"? Rose uses both history and music not for their own beauties but to tell us something, invariably uninteresting, about himself. For him the past is a quaint old junk shop crammed with new possibilities for artistic tackiness.

It rather reminds me of Michael Apted's ***Nell***, which can find in that perennially fascinating subject, the feral human being, nothing of more interest than the balm that the wild woman played by Jodie Foster can be imagined as applying to the yuppie soul. "The power of innocence" advertised on the posters is really the power to make spoilt rich people feel better, like some new and exotic drug. Poor things! How they moan and complain about how "life is tough" for them. Of course, if it were really tough, they wouldn't have the leisure to complain about it so. But those who have it easy often like to pass the time by conjuring up a world of sorrows—or of wickedness, corruption, and violence to fright themselves with. They think that the worse people are, the more real they are, which is what produces such pictures as *Bad Company* or the French historical epic, ***Queen Margot***, by Patrice Chéreau.

There it is less yuppie angst than left-wing politics that makes everybody associated with the Valois court of the late sixteenth century into a moral monster. These are the wicked aristocrats denounced by the Countess Erdödy, after all. But it still seems very strange to me that even a lefty like Chéreau could expect anyone to care what happens to this crowd, who are just rats fighting in a barrel—or that he cares himself. Like Bernard Rose, he is going to an awful lot of trouble to extract from history just so much as will serve to reinforce his own prejudices and predilections. A much more convincing view of the past is to be found in the Movie of the Month, ***Colonel Chabert*** by Yves Angelo. Not only is it wonderfully true to the spirit of the Balzac novel from which it was adapted, but it also makes us see again the world as Balzac saw it.

That is, around the great divide of 1815 and the final defeat of Napoleon. As *Colonel Chabert* has it, what went before was a heroic age and what came after was an age of pettiness, greed, corruption, and dishonor. The film opens with gruesome scenes of the aftermath of battle—naked corpses being piled up in a pit in the snow after the battle of Eylau in 1807—followed immediately by the bustle of life in a Parisian lawyer's office in 1817 when the eponymous colonel (Gérard Depardieu), supposedly killed at Eylau, suddenly reappears. Having been rescued from a mass grave by some Prussian peasants, he has been nursed back to health and then spent most of the interim in jails or madhouses for claiming to be the dead colonel. "The madhouse," he informs the lawyer Derville (Fabrice Luchini), "is the worst that can happen to a man."

Derville is a wonderfully Balzacian character—a man who never sleeps and who is capable of doing ten things at once. When Chabert finally returns to find that his wife (Fanny Ardant) has remarried and is using his fortune to forward the career of her new husband, the Count Ferraud (André Dussollier), Derville immediately believes his improbable story and agrees to represent him. He explains (in one of the film's two or three lightly postmodern touches) that it will have been worth it to him even if the man turns out to be a fraud, since, if he is, he is "the most skillful actor of our time." Not only the most skillful, we might add, but one who has played the unexpectedly returned soldier before in *The Return of Martin Guerre*—only in that case he had been a fraud.

Derville, although he is a representative of the sleazy commercial world that has succeeded the heroic Napoleonic era, is a more noble figure than Count Ferraud, who is weak and greedy and inclined to divorce his wife because her Napoleonic connections are making it difficult for him to obtain advancement at the restored Bourbon court. His children are all that restrain him from being rid of her, so she sets out to make her position firmer by paying off the resurrected Chabert. If her husband should ever find out that he is alive, he will have the perfect excuse to divorce her and marry again into a more suitable noble family.

The Colonel knows that his wife no longer loves him, but he resists the dishonor of having "sold my girl"—even to get part of his own fortune back. He continues to have flashbacks of the battlefield at Eylau, including a gorgeous cavalry charge in the snow, done in slow motion and in silence except for the contrasting sounds of Schubert's Piano Sonata D. 959. Throughout the film the battlefield is white, Paris is gray, and the fully polychromatic world only appears at the Countess's country estate, where she and the Colonel retreat to negotiate a settlement. Here is the life that should be his, which he is resurrected to enjoy for a day before realizing that it is not for him.

This he does with the realization, arrived at through a subtle psychological dance over a dinner *à deux*, that the Countess, the woman he has loved, will do anything to preserve her money and social position. She will even sleep with him in order to get what she wants—his silence. "Death is silence," he has told Derville, remembering the battlefield. "Death is the silence of death." We see him in his bedroom late at night, looking at his reflection in the mirror, intercut with shots of the Countess sitting on her bed expectantly. The Colonel goes to the door of his room, lingering for a moment. Then he locks it against her. He will take nothing from her. "I have contracted an incurable illness," he writes the lawyer: "disgust with human nature." And so he retreats to the madhouse, which is, after all, the only place for him in a world where "my fate is not to be dead." This film, too, seems at times a weird survival. ❐

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TROUBLED TIGER: BUSINESSMEN, BUREAUCRATS AND GENERALS IN SOUTH KOREA

Mark Clifford

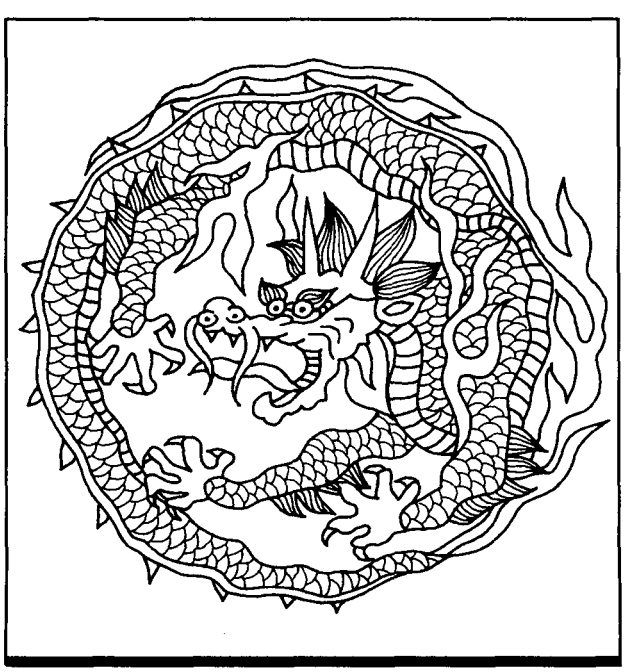
M.E. Sharpe / 357 pages / $55; $19.95 paper

reviewed by WILLIAM MCGURN

In most parts of the world, workers strike when they have a beef with their employers. In South Korea, they do things a little differently. When auto workers from Daewoo, Kia, and Asia Motors left production lines this past December, it wasn't because they wanted more money or had any complaint about working conditions. They were protesting the government's decision to allow the Samsung group to move into the car-manufacturing business, the argument being that this would only weaken existing companies. In the process of making this point, the workers cost their own companies some $152 million in lost sales. Yet the workers had logic on their side.

In *Troubled Tiger*, Mark Clifford notes that when big companies go bankrupt in Korea, "it is not only because of economic problems." What the striking autoworkers know is that the same goes for companies that succeed. In Korea Inc., government permission to launch an enterprise inevitably implies a government commitment to subsidize it through cheap credit and preferential treatment. And in a home economy that remains highly competitive for domestic manufacturers—of the 200,000 cars sold in Korea in 1994, fewer than 2,000 were foreign—the striking Daewoo, Kia, and Asia Motor auto workers well understood that the government's decision to allow Samsung to make cars in fact meant the government would now be using their tax dollars to finance a competitor.

That is the Korean way, and it must be admitted that over the course of a generation it has made a war-ravaged backwater into the world's twelfth-largest trading power. By the 1980s an awestruck American press was hailing Korea as the wave of the future, and a 1992 *Fortune* cover declared that "South Korea's quest to be the next Japan seems right on schedule." That may be true in more ways than they know, especially with Japan finally showing the strain of all its inefficiencies. For all the hoopla about the Korean miracle, its success in key areas has had more in common with Lee Iacocca than Adam Smith. This, after all, is a country where officials impounded a quarter million dollars' worth of Snickers and Skittles candy at Pusan on the grounds it did not meet Korean guidelines. When U.S. ambassador Don Gregg asked for a copy of these guidelines, the official refused to hand them over, on the grounds that companies would only avoid them if they knew what they were.



William McGurn is senior editor of the Far Eastern Economic Review.

The same official was later promoted to director of the Health Ministry's division of international cooperation.

Today the bloom is coming off the Korean rose, as an economy built along the Japanese model is beginning to show some nasty Japanese-style cracks. However well Korea's state capitalism may have worked in the past, it has carried frightful opportunity and efficiency costs, one reason why among Asia's "Four Tigers" the South Korean per capita income of $6,790 remains less than half that of its counterparts in Hong Kong and Singapore and barely two-thirds that of Taiwan. Yet the Korean story remains of pivotal importance if only because it remains the most talked-about model for other developing nations. How did Korea do what it did? And could it be done again today?

Nobody tells this story better than Mark Clifford, a colleague of mine at the *Far Eastern Economic Review* who covered Korea for the magazine from 1987 to 1992, a period in which the country played host to successful Summer Olympics, enjoyed mostly double-digit economic growth, and moved from dictatorship to democracy. Our conversations over the office coffee pot lead me to suspect that his keen appreciation for Korea's peculiar economic arrangements may owe as much to a stint as president of the Seoul Correspondents Club, where little things—like trying to import cheese and beef for American cheeseburgers—yielded a highly personal tutorial in the nature of the Korean bureaucracy and Korean labor relations. (One union leader shaved his head after Clifford refused to give in to a demand that the club inform the union of all its suppliers.)

The story of modern Korea began in 1961, when a 43-year-old general named Park Chung Hee

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came to power in a military coup. In his youth Park had flirted with Communism, but in office he would exhibit an almost religious passion for economic growth, and he was smart enough to realize that he needed foreign capital and know-how to make it happen. At a time when the experts had written his country off (the *New York Times* thought Burma's Ne Win had the right idea), Park envisioned a Korea covered with smokestacks, car factories, and steel plants, not least because it would help make his nation less dependent on others for its defense needs. Not least of his genius was his ability to instill the same single-minded devotion in his people. Until his assassination in 1979, Clifford writes, Park "was the nation's schoolmaster and its chief economist."

Like most Koreans his age, Park had grown up with the Japanese and had imbibed some early lessons. Business was necessary, he knew, but there would be none of this trusting the marketplace. That was too inefficient. The government decided who would grow and who would not, exerting control through taxes and especially credit.

There was thus a natural disposition towards things big, and the *chaebol*—giant business conglomerates modeled on the Japanese *zaibatsu*—flourished and grew bigger. But it was a love-hate relationship, and, as Clifford reports, though Park knew he needed business to develop, he was "always suspicious" and exerted control "through loans, periodic tax investigations, and anticorruption campaigns." Big companies were rarely allowed to fail; those that did badly were simply handed over to someone who was doing better. This is how the Daewoo Group, which started out in textiles, found itself with a machinery company, an auto venture, and finally a shipyard.

The Koreans called this "guided capitalism." Nor was it a question of luck that it worked for them and not their brothers in the North—or, for that matter, that it worked in Taiwan and not in China. The difference was the international market. No matter how many advantages Korea lavished on its favorite horses, it did not control the race, and Park was wise enough to know it. As Clifford points out, companies that got with the program could count on generous rewards "provided—and this was critical—that they remained competitive in overseas markets." Competition in the export market forced upon the South Korean firms a discipline without which they would have grown as fat and unresponsive as any socialist behemoth.

On its own terms this arrangement worked well, and one result was the impressive panorama of an industrial power—gleaming factories, stunning hirises, and gargantuan public works—that makes Korea so attractive to foreigners seeking a model for development. Yet, however impressive the sight of a modern manufacturing plant, it may be far less efficient than the cottage industries favored by Chinese entrepreneurs. The downside of the government's policy of favoritism is a deep public distrust of the very business that built Korea in the first place. Although President Kim Young Sam's government has made some highly publicized efforts to bring the *chaebol* to heel, his preference for doing this through regulation rather than competition only feeds the bureaucracy. Not only is this a sure prescription for scandal, it also leaves the Korean economy dominated by unwieldy business behemoths at a time when the global market is putting a premium on lean and mean.

It is here that Clifford's work stands well above the pack, if only because he understands the structural incentives prevailing in Korea. And nowhere is he more persuasive than on the issue of corruption. From the time of Park Chung Hee, the Korean government has followed a predictable pattern: solemn vows to root out corruption are followed by new regulations and purges, which are in turn followed by scandal and attempts to blame everything on one's predecessors. All this is duly reported by a foreign press that grows ever more cynical. No one covering Korea believed that the prosecution of Hyundai founder Chung Ju Yung was unrelated to his decision to challenge Kim Young Sam for the presidency. Yet Clifford moves beyond the usual sermons to locate the source of these scandals in Korea Inc. itself.

The scandal of "Madame" Chang and "General" Lee, which rocked the government of Chun Doo Huan, is instructive. In capital-starved Korea, cash is almost always a problem, especially for companies without access to cheap government loans; even the biggest companies occasionally find themselves resorting to the "curb market," an unregulated lending market (tolerated by the government) that has sprung up in response to an ever-present demand for scarce capital. This market was made up of people like Chang and Lee, who used their connections (both real and implied) to the Chun government to borrow scarce money and then relend it themselves at higher rates, using as security a promissory note for an amount higher than the loan (which itself might be sold on a secondary market). Eventually the two were atop a pyramid amounting to some 13 percent of all money in circulation, and the scheme came crashing down when a company with a small amount of promissory notes outstanding complained to authorities that its notes were still in circulation even though it had paid up.

The Madame Chang affair, writes Clifford,

> underscored just how primitive Korea's financial system was and how easily it could be manipulated. Decades of financial repression had left smaller companies starved for the capital they needed to grow and had opened up profitable opportunities for anyone with money to lend. Financial repression was an invitation for fraud, because anyone who could extract money from banks at below-market interest rates, as Chang and Lee did, was guaranteed a profit.

The point is Milton Friedman 101: if regulations are such that businessmen need to go to politicians for help, payoffs will follow. In other words, if you want clean government, get lean government.

Clifford documents all this well, with just enough political and historical background to keep the book from becoming inside baseball for Korea junkies. Such quibbles as I have are the standard reactionary ones and run across political lines. At every juncture Clifford makes clear his distaste for the politics of Chun and Park and is further given to citing their "paranoia" about North Korea. The real question worth debating—whether Korea would in fact have developed otherwise—is not addressed. Given North Korea's track

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record, moreover (Park saw his wife murdered in an assassination attempt on him, and half of Chun's cabinet was blown up by a North Korean bomb in Rangoon), a little paranoia seems to me the height of prudence.

As for Chun Doo Huan, what I find remarkable is not how his family used his power to enrich itself, but how well Chun, a poor country boy who climbed up through the military, managed the economic dynamo over which he presided despite having no training or background for it. After he stepped down from the presidency, Chun found himself reviled by the same people who would have licked his boots months earlier, and Clifford notes that during the almost surreal hearings that followed, "It was hard to remember that the economy had doubled in size during his eight years in power." It's sometimes hard to remember while reading *Troubled Tiger*, too.

Today President Kim Young Sam, a product of the opposition, promises a New Deal for Koreans, and he at least seems to have understood that cutting the *chaebol* down to size and internationalizing the economy will be an essential part of any reform. In this process, the how is as important as the what. Unfortunately, rather than simply open up the economy to foreign competition, as Clifford advocates, a move that would swiftly force the *chaebol* to concentrate on their areas of strength, the Kim government has tried to regulate them into line. Naturally he has only driven the bad guys further underground and invited more corruption.

This is not a problem unique to Korea. Japan today finds itself with similar problems on a larger scale, and among the many mistakes the press makes is looking to the politicians, even the new ones, for answers. The politicians have yet to understand that they themselves are more the symptom than the cause of change today. The danger in Korea, suggests Clifford, is that it has been "seduced by a taste of success into thinking that it can choose the pace at which it liberalizes its economy without sacrificing its international competitiveness." It is a lesson South Koreans would do better to take to heart, rather than have it forced upon them by a far more integrated and unforgiving world economy. ❐

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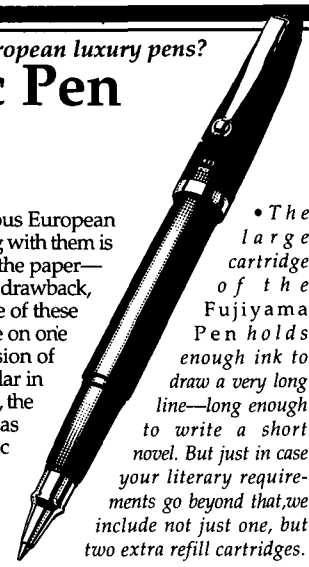

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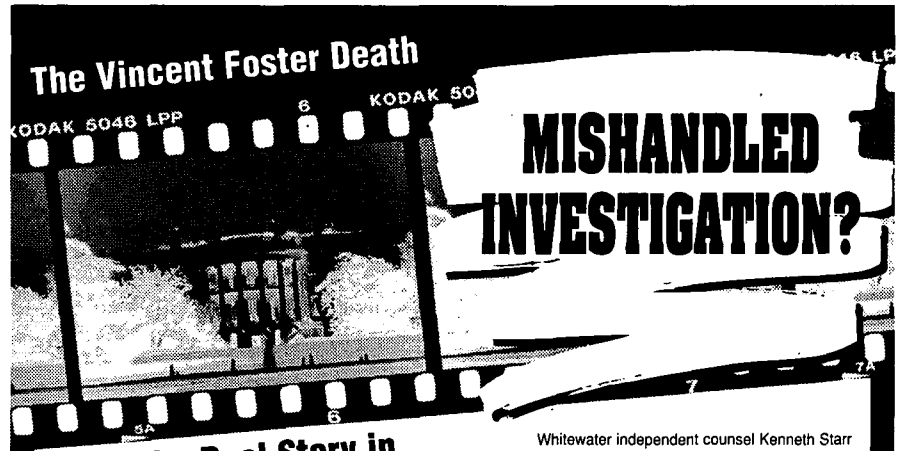

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NATURALIST

Edward O. Wilson

Shearwater Books–Island Press / 352 pages / $24.95

reviewed by GEOFFREY NORMAN

The Gulf coast of Alabama and northwest Florida, where Edward O. Wilson grew up in the years just prior to World War II, was poor and obscure even by the relaxed standards of the South. Scratch farming, timber, and turpentine accounted for what prosperity there was, and young men who grew up to distinguish themselves invariably did so as either soldiers or athletes. Wilson was not much at either soldiering or sports, though he went through his initiations and rites of passage in both. He became instead one of the great scientists of this century.

There were plenty of good reasons why he should have never made it out of the South. He was a child of divorce at a time when that was truly stigmatizing. He was sent to live with relatives and friends, and shipped off to a military boarding school. It must have been a lonely, bewildering experience for a boy of seven. Wilson remembers it wistfully, recalling that FDR came to visit the school and admire the boys in formation. He also speculates that the experience may have had something to do with his lifelong admiration for the military virtues.

Wilson would not be a soldier, though. While fishing off a dock one day, he jerked a small fish common to those waters, called a pinfish, out of the water and into his face. The pinfish is so named for the spines in its dorsal fin. One of those pierced Wilson's eye.

What seems like further misfortune for a young boy who had already seen more than his share, Wilson considers in retrospect a defining event in his life. He'd been blinded in one eye, yes, but his vision in the other was acute. He could not determine distances, but he could study a small specimen in fine detail at close range without aid:

> The attention of my surviving eye turned to the ground. I would thereafter celebrate the little things of the world, the animals that can be picked up between thumb and forefinger and brought close for inspection.

Wilson found solace and enchantment in the woods and swamps, where he went to study the abundant wildlife and to collect specimens. He was especially keen on snakes and one day tried to capture a five-foot cottonmouth. The snake was too strong for him and he was nearly bitten, an episode that he recalls with chilling clarity.

He became an Eagle Scout; he went to the Baptist church; he was turned down for the military because of his eye and wept in frustration; he watched his father die of alcoholism; he went to the University of Alabama, the first member of his family to attend college. And at Alabama he became formally what it seems he had always been—a biologist. Inevitably, he was recognized as something special.

His first trip out of the South was to Harvard on a Greyhound bus that "seemed to stop at every city and town of greater than 50,000 population along the way." That first trip was to visit. The next, a year later, was for good: he has been at Harvard since September 1951. He was predictably elated and felt vastly fortunate to be there. Harvard, it turns out, was equally fortunate. The shy, owlish young man with one suit to his name no doubt looked the rube when he first crossed Harvard yard in awe. These superficial details, however, concealed not merely a dazzling intelligence—everyone at Harvard is intelligent—but also the kind of fierce will that often comes out of the South in inauspicious packages. Wilson's will was something like that of Stonewall Jackson's. The man would prevail or die trying.

"I have always been ambitious and never made any secret of it," Wilson said in another context. "I was never content to be a merely descriptive biologist. I wanted to do something in theory, where the big contributions are made."

The first third of *Naturalist* is devoted to Wilson's life before Harvard, and his account of those years is so beguiling that the reader is sorry to see it end and reluctant, almost, to keep on with the book. Wilson writes with an effortless clarity (he has won *two* Pulitzers) and wistful gratitude about a youth that lesser writers would paint with broad strokes of self-pity. But in Wilson's memory, the poverty and pain and solitude are somehow redeemed, and his childhood takes on a sort of Huckleberry Finn glow. One relives it—and misses it—with him.

But the child becomes the

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man, and Wilson goes on into the grown-up business of scientific research, important discoveries, and faculty wars. These are years of accomplishment and honors. He is widely published and given early tenure. He is made a Harvard fellow at a young age. He makes big contributions in the area of population biology. Ho hum. If this pattern had held, Wilson would have been one of many distinguished academics whose life and work would interest only other specialists, and reading about it would have been an exercise in tedium.

But Wilson has, as he says, "been blessed with brilliant enemies." His battles with the likes of James Watson and Stephen Jay Gould give the reader, whose interest in biology might be finite, more than enough reason to go on.

Robert Maynard Hutchins once famously remarked that academic wars were especially vicious because so little was at stake. This was not true of the battles Wilson found himself fighting. In the case of his struggles with James Watson, whom Wilson describes as "the Caligula of biology," that issue was nothing less than the nature of biology itself. Watson, the co-discoverer of DNA, believed that the future of biology was chemical and molecular:

> He arrived with a conviction that biology must be transformed into a science directed at molecules and cells and rewritten in the language of physics and chemistry. What had gone before, "traditional" biology—my biology—was infested by stamp collectors who lacked the wit to transform their subject into a modern science. He treated most of the other twenty-four members of the Department of Biology with a revolutionary's fervent disrespect.

Watson would not speak to Wilson when they passed in the hall—they were like antagonists on opposite sides of some scientific DMZ. But Wilson and a small cadre rallied and embarked on an effort to reinvigorate their tradition, and what emerged was sociobiology, one of the most radical and controversial scientific hypotheses of the last twenty years. Wilson will be remembered primarily as the father of sociobiology, though he had many collaborators and it is far from his only theoretical breakthrough.

Sociobiology is the employment of evolutionary biology to make sense of the social behavior of individual species. Its central insight is this: the way societies of organisms organize themselves and behave is a survival strategy. If a drone ant sacrifices himself to save the queen, for example, this behavior is suicidal when considered from the perspective of the individual. But in terms of the society, there is a hard, Darwinian rationale behind this apparently altruistic act. It insures the survival, not of the drone certainly, or even the queen, but of the society, which, in turn, insures the survival of the genes.

Wilson's *Sociobiology*, which appeared in the mid-1970s, was favorably received by specialists and has become settled theory regarding animal behavior. Wilson attempted to extend his hypothesis to the behavior of human beings, however, and this made him a marked man, an early victim of the witch-hunting ideologues whose descendants launched the PC inquisition. His sin was to speculate that gender roles and tribalism, altruism, incest avoidance, and other forms of human behavior might have biological roots. There could be, in other words, a genetic basis for something that might even be called "human nature."

This was—and is—heretical, if you believe in the revealed truth that holds that all individual differences are culturally determined. A study group of Marxist academics began meeting at Harvard to plot Wilson's intellectual destruction. They published a long open letter in the *New York Review of Books*. The letter condemned sociobiology and linked it to the Nazi gas chambers. While speaking at a symposium, Wilson was denounced by members of a group called the International Committee Against Racism, one of whom dumped a pitcher of water on his head. Stephen Jay Gould, who had signed the *New York Review* letter, was also present and used the occasion to quote Lenin to the protesters as a way of scolding them. Bad tactics, he essentially told them.

Wilson is currently advancing the cause of biodiversity, which puts him on the side of the Greens. "The one process ongoing in the 1980s that will take millions of years to correct," he told one interviewer, "is the loss of genetic and species diversity by the destruction of natural habitats. This is the folly our descendants are least likely to forgive us." But if E.O. Wilson is a Green, he is certainly not a knee-jerk Green, and it would be wise for all those who instinctively resist the arguments of environmentalists to pay attention. Wilson is too much the scientist to be the predictable, ideological ally of anyone.

The odd thing, one thinks upon finishing this book, is that Wilson should ever have been thought of—and attacked as—a determinist and an opponent of free will. His own life is splendid testament to those wonderful, buried possibilities in the individual that can grow and flower in spite of just about anything. This narrative of a life that began in the moist, vaguely gothic regions of the South and led to just about every award and distinction a biologist can receive betrays a sense of wonder that has never dimmed. ❐

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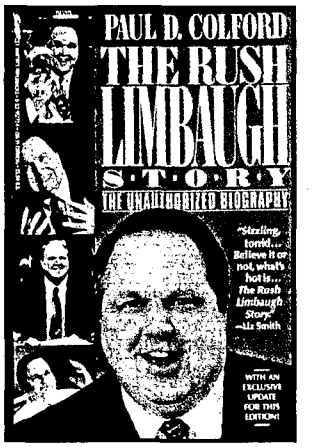

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VANESSA REDGRAVE: AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY

Vanessa Redgrave

Random House / 419 pages / $25

reviewed by STUART REID

Vanessa Redgrave believes the newspapers are out to get her, and she is right. As recently as 1974 I was a member of a rat pack detailed to follow Miss Redgrave around Newham, a depressed and depressing working-class district in the East End of London. A general election had been called and she was standing as a candidate on behalf of the Workers' Revolutionary Party, a Trotskyite outfit with a handful of members and a thick file at MI5 headquarters. We reporters—shuffling, hung-over Calibans, hair curling over our collars, bell-bottoms trailing in puddles—had not actually been instructed to give Vanessa a hard time. There was no need. We knew the score: here was a rich, upper-middle-class actress preaching Marxist theory to single mums on welfare. It had all the elements of a good story: sex, class, money, hypocrisy.

The story has not changed over the years, but shafting Vanessa is not as satisfying as once it was. Few of us these days salivate at the sight of a blonde wrapped in a red flag. There is no dignity in it now that Marxism is dead. Many horrors face the post-Communist world. Vanessa is not one of them.

At 58, however, she remains an accomplished actress. More to the point, she remains a player on the world stage. She is, for example, UNICEF's Special Representative for the Performing Arts in former Yugoslavia; she is also a member of British and American Actors' Equity, the American Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences, the Screen Actors Guild, the British Film Institute, and an honorary member of the Memorial Society for Victims of Stalin's Repressions.

Stuart Reid is assistant features editor at the London Sunday Telegraph.

In 1977 she won an Oscar for her performance in *Julia,* the film based on Lillian Hellman's unreliable memoir. In 1993 she was awarded the Sakharov Medal by Yelena Bonner. Next year, no doubt, she will be awarded the Nobel Peace Prize for her work on behalf of the PLO, the ANC, and the IRA. Sorry, that was sarcastic. The proper response to Vanessa is one of gentlemanly moderation. That's because, at least as she emerges from these pages, there is something sweet and vulnerable about her, as well as barmy.

She is honest, even if (see below) she is often incapable of recognizing the truth. She is loyal to her friends and has stuck to her guns. How many of us can say as much? Certainly not Jane Fonda. When it was no longer chic to be radical, Ms. Fonda said she was sorry about that gig in Hanoi, flexed her pecs, and married Ted Turner.

Vanessa has never apologized. She believes her cause is just.

True, she is an acquired taste. In her support of people's liberation movements everywhere, she has consorted with people who treat children like flies. On the other hand, she would not herself willingly harm a fly, or even a child. Perhaps we have one of Marx's "internal contradictions" here. The lesson to be drawn from Vanessa's life is that political ideology is always a menace. In politics, ideology leads to dogmatism, and dogmatism to the locked ward. Dogma is for religion, which is about death, judgment, heaven, and hell; not for politics, which is about nothing more important than life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.

In Vanessa's case, happiness was something pursued in adolescence. There are some enchanting accounts here of life at home with "Michael" (her father, the actor Sir Michael Redgrave), "Rachel" (her mother), Nanny Randall, Kenneth the chauffeur, Birdie the cook, Ella and Mary, the housemaids, and Mr. Owers, the gardener. The many litanies of privilege in this book give it a surreal quality; it is as though Lady Bracknell had written *My Struggle.* All the same her girlish excitements work for me:

> I was fifteen and almost dying with excitement, when I went abroad for the first time. . . . I had a new gray flannel suit, two berets, cherry pink and gray, and a red blouse and blue skirt I had made myself in dressmaking class. We crossed the Channel at Newhaven and were sick.

There is much in this vein, and pictures to prove what a heartbreaker she was at fifteen—and into her forties. Indeed, all the pictures are delightful. (The index, however, is appalling, making the reviewer's task unnecessarily onerous, and the Americanisms aren't much better. Americanisms are dandy, in context. But why must the editors at Random House assume that American readers are too dumb to understand that, for example, "pavement" means "sidewalk"? In a book of this sort the Englishisms should be left alone.) Many of the pictures, of course, are of theatrical performances, to accompany material in the text—much of it po-faced and Methodic—about acting. But this is not fanzine stuff. There is nothing here for Julia Roberts.

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Inevitably, Marxist smog blocks out the ancient sunlight, as Lady Bracknell mounts her soapbox to denounce, for example, Mrs. Thatcher's "police state." Her memories are tailored to fit her present beliefs. She maintains that in 1963 the British critics ganged up on her husband, the late, left-wing Tony Richardson, and panned his hit movie Tom Jones. They did not. She insists that in 1967 the London papers were slavishly pro-American in their coverge of Vietnam. They were not. At times, she even sounds like a bleeding-heart liberal, as when she writes that just after the war, in her privileged part of London, "little children played in the gutter in bare feet." Zounds! Was there no room on the street for these emaciated victims of bloated capitalism?

Vanessa's selective memory comes to us courtesy of the Workers' Revolutionary Party. If it had not been for the WRP, Vanessa would today be known as a fine actress—an English Meryl Streep—who got mixed up in radical left-wing politics in the 1960s and 1970s but who was now into pyramids and crystals. She'd turn up at the Oscars in a red ribbon, naturally, but would be of no more concern to us than Richard Gere or Cindy Crawford. Or Meryl Streep.

When she joined the WRP it was called the Socialist Labour League. Her conversion happened in September 1973, and conversion is the only word for it:

> I realized at that moment that I had no other way to live except in a political struggle with a party that knew that a serious study of history is necessary if we are to gain understanding and prevent a recurrence of repression. I rang Corin [her batty brother] and asked him to come to my home then and there. He came, and I told him I wanted to apply immediately to become a Trotskyist and a member of the Socialist Labour League.

How very like the experience of John Henry Newman, who, in *Apologia Pro Vita Sua,* recalled how he had written a letter to friends on October 8, 1845: "I am this night expecting Father Dominic, the Passionist. . . . He does not know of my intention; but I mean to ask of him admission into the one Fold of Christ."

The idea has gained ground that she is anti-Semitic. In fact, she is anti-Zionist, which is not necessarily the same thing. To be sure, some anti-Zionists are anti-Semites, but then, as anyone who has explored the darker recesses of the European mind will know, some pro-Zionists are anti-Semites. G.K. Chesterton was very much in favor of a Jewish homeland, because he considered English Jews aliens. The conservative Chesterton was an anti-Semite (like the conservative Hilaire Belloc and the conservative T.S. Eliot). The Trotskyite Miss Redgrave is not.

Gosh, life is confusing. Old alliances collapse along with the old certainties. Former comrades fight one another; former enemies make common cause. Communism has failed, but so has the New World Order. Vanessa Redgrave was strongly opposed to the Gulf War, like the Marxist dog she is; but then so were such non-Marxists as Patrick Buchanan and his Holiness Pope John Paul II. Vanessa believes the Bosnian Mussulmen are victims of Serbian "fascists," much as William Safire does. Mind, Vanessa finds "fascists" in Croatia too. In that, of course, she is at one with the Serbians, who have not forgotten the Ustashi. And so it goes.

If only she had stuck to acting. On the other hand, if she had stuck to acting the world would have been denied this fascinating account of bourgeois radicalism, and I would never have cornered her in Newham Town Hall all those years ago ("Miss Redgrave, Miss Redgrave, would you like to make a statement to the *Times*?") and would not therefore have found myself looking into the most beautiful, and terrifying, pair of eyes on earth. ❐

FRANCO: A BIOGRAPHY

Paul Preston

Basic Books / 1,002 pages / $37.50

reviewed by FRANCIS X. ROCCA

Ours is the century that gave dictators a bad name. Once upon a time the archetype was Cincinnatus, the noble Roman with whom George Washington would be reverently identified, who took up absolute power reluctantly, then returned to his plow as soon as he had saved the Republic. Julius Caesar, who overthrew that Republic, has always had his defenders even among liberals. Napoleon is for us a Romantic and colorful character, his portrait part of the standard decor of little boys' bedrooms. It is thanks to the generation of Hitler and Stalin that the word "dictator" has become a synonym for "tyrant" and "mass murderer."

Francis X. Rocca is a writer living in Madrid.

Francisco Franco, of course, did not go back to his plow; after "saving" Spain from liberal democracy and the malevolent forces (Communism and Freemasonry) which he was sure were latent in it, he ruled as caudillo for more than thirty-five years. Like Julius Caesar, he tried his hand at literature, but it is doubtful that future generations of schoolchildren will learn Spanish by translating *Raza*, his autobiographical novel-cum-screenplay. And while he shared Napoleon's taste for pomp and self-promotion (as well as his shortness of stature and the distinction of youngest general in European history), he had nothing of the Corsican's flair and immortal charisma.

On the other hand, does the Generalissimo belong in the despicable

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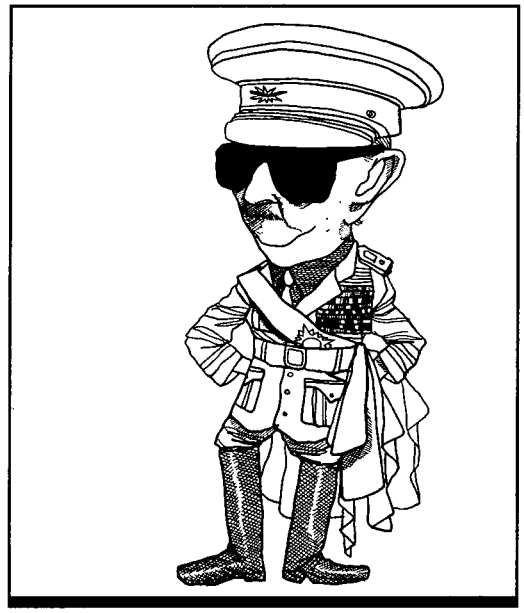
camp where he is usually put, a poor man's Führer or Duce? Catholics are reminded, most recently by Pope John Paul II, that the Republic against which the Nationalists fought was the scene of unspeakable religious persecution, the rape and murder of clergy and the desecration of churches, and (as Orwell and others discovered in their run-ins with increasingly powerful Communists) of ideological intolerance just as fierce. Franco kept Spain out of World War II, some have argued, and although he took his time leaving the stage of politics, he left it set for a peaceful transition to democracy—a democracy which remains vital, if fractious and shaken by frequent scandal, almost twenty years later.

It is true that "the revolution which Franco believed himself to have been forestalling was itself precipitated by the military rebellion" in which he took part and came to lead. The outbreak of civil war consolidated extremism on both sides; the Republic had to rely on left-wing militias and Soviet aid, and that gave the Communists their opening. But it was not a stable and peaceful democracy that the generals overthrew; there were many factions, on right and left, with trouble and totalitarianism on their minds. It seemed to many then, as it does in retrospect, that it was not a question of whether large-scale violence would begin, but when. Where Franco's responsibility is clear is in his unwillingness, despite the advice of many on his side, to compromise or show mercy—his determination quite literally to take no prisoners.

If democracy had survived in Spain until the start of World War II, it is hard to know whether the country could have stayed out of that conflict. Preston shows that Franco's "neutrality" was of a very qualified kind: he provided the Nazis and Italian Fascists (who had helped him crucially in the Civil War) with vitally important minerals, factory goods, and access to the Peninsula. He evidently wanted to enter on the Axis side, both out of ideological sympathy and in the hope of rebuilding a Spanish empire, and the only reason he did not was that Germany would not meet his price in aid and prospective African territory. Yet while Preston stresses how inept Franco was in his dealings with the Axis, and with the Allies who tried to ensure his neutrality with badly needed oil, it is easy to imagine an even rasher, more deeply deluded dictator who would have driven an easier bargain and plunged his country back into war.

Similarly, though Preston amply documents Franco's economic ignorance and increasing obliviousness in the postwar period, and convinces us that the relative prosperity of the sixties happened only in spite of the disastrous policies of autarky and syndicalism that the caudillo had imposed on the nation, it is stingy to deny him at least a little credit for eventually (if intermittently) favoring the Opus Dei technocrats and their realistic policies over the fascist Falangists who had helped him to power. Preston not only denies Franco credit, he scolds him for his disloyalty.

Franco was a killer. He was known, to ally and enemy alike, for his preternatural coldness. Even visiting Nazis were shocked, on visits to the Nationalist zone during the Civil War, by the extent of the repression and executions. Not only did he kill his enemies; he deliberately prevented the rescue of the Falange's founder, José Antonio Primo de Rivera, because he was more useful as a martyr than a rival.



Franco may have practically annihilated his ideological enemies (although guerrilla resistance continued into the fifties), but he did not preside over a regime of political uniformity. His "great political talent," as Preston shows, was the ability to gain and keep the support of several overlapping yet contentious factions; the Church, the military, the monarchists (parliamentary and absolute), and the Falange. He never fully committed himself to any of these groups, and to some extent he exploited and betrayed them all, but he kept each satisfied that its best hope for survival lay with him. Long after he was able to deliberately manipulate them, he benefited from these divisions. Preston puts it nicely: "His strength lay in his position as the keystone of the Francoist arch."

And if that arch had collapsed? Franco held on to power out of lust for it, and he had no plans to give Spain liberty, even as his legacy—but whether Franco's removal would have led to anything better is not a question we can answer simply. Given that even under authoritarian rule, rogue elements of the Falange were provoking bloody conflict as late as 1956, Preston's vision of a Bourbon and democratic restoration in 1945 seems overly idealistic. And this is not to mention possible threats to democracy from the left.

Since the verdict on his life is still not in, perhaps any serious book on the subject is bound to be polemical. Professor Preston's reads like one long indictment, each of its innumerable counts meticulously documented and strenuously argued, rather than a disinterested account of an immensely consequential life. Thick with bureaucratic detail on diplomatic negotiations and cabinet shuffles, the book is twice as long as necessary. The author's loathing for his subject frequently provokes him to swipes at "the dumpy Franco," and he eagerly underscores the occasions when he "declared pompously" or "oozed self-righteous delight." Preston only weakens his case by failing to let the facts he has so assiduously collected speak for themselves.

In the end—addled by Parkinson's disease, marching for exercise to the legionnaire's anthems of his youth, and hectored by scheming relatives—he died of natural causes, his power and illusions unthreatened. Franco outlived most of his original enemies, and his countrymen have yet to officially repudiate him. His image still circulates, by the millions, on the five- and twenty-five-peseta coins in Spanish pockets. ❐

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HARRY S. TRUMAN: A LIFE

Robert H. Ferrell

University of Missouri Press / 501 pages / $29.95

reviewed by VICTOR GOLD

When Harry Truman left the White House in January 1953, he did it kicking, snarling, and, by his own account, in a petty argument with his successor over why the latter hadn't attended Truman's inaugural four years before.

As Robert H. Ferrell tells it, Truman's story was that while he and Dwight Eisenhower were riding down Pennsylvania Avenue, Ike said that he hadn't attended Truman's swearing-in for fear of upstaging the President; to which Truman said he snapped, "Ike, you'd have come if I'd ordered you, don't worry about that."

But as Ferrell informs us, the truth of the matter was that Eisenhower *had* attended the 1949 inaugural. So what are we to believe? Either that Ike, in the excitement of the moment, suffered a memory lapse; or that Truman was simply reinterpreting history, i.e., lying.

I go for the lying. Truman, as his bilious conversations with Merle Miller revealed, was a notorious prevaricator when talking about contemporaries whose popularity dwarfed his own. Indeed, much of the thirty-third president's late-life bile might be explained by his having had the bad luck to both succeed and be succeeded by two of the most popular presidents in modern history. Except for a couple of brief honeymoons, he had few good polling days. As Ferrell tells us:

> Truman's popularity with his fellow Americans stood high only until the end of World War II in Europe and Asia; after that it began to go down and it stayed down until the end of his term with two notable ups. One was in 1948, when he fought for his political life and won . . . the other was at the outset of the Korean War, when national unity gathered behind him and his measures. Mostly people looked at him in boredom, taking him at his word when he said he was an ordinary man who happened to be president.

Professor Ferrell, Truman's most devoted biographer, is being kind. Boring and ordinary were, for Truman, terms of popular endearment. By and large, depending on time and place, he was looked upon during his presidential years as crude, dictatorial, and in over his head.

One of Truman's sworn enemies, United Mine Workers president John L. Lewis, called him a duplicitous ignoramus. Another, Martha Taft, the sharp-tongued wife of Ohio Senator Robert Taft, coined the killer line, "To err is Truman." Fellow Democrats like Harold Ickes (father of the Clinton staffer), James Roosevelt (son of FDR), and Senator J. William Fulbright (Bill Clinton's sponsor-mentor) were no less unkind. Ickes wrote an open letter in the spring of 1948, advising Truman to retire gracefully or face the prospect of "being driven out of office by a disillusioned and indignant citizenry." Jimmy Roosevelt publicly endorsed Eisenhower for the Democratic presidential nomination. Fulbright, after the Democrats lost Congress in 1946, thought it would be best for the country if Truman, in parliamentary fashion, were to step down and let a Republican take charge (to which suggestion Truman, in a famous rejoinder, termed the Arkansan "an overeducated Oxford SOB").

That being said, there is still the 1948 presidential election to explain. How did a boring, ordinary incumbent pull off what Ferrell rightly calls "the biggest political upset in American history"? The story is one that even Truman in his bilious dotage had no need to embellish. The stuff of political legend, it has since served as an inspiration for underdog candidates of both major parties.

Gerald Ford tried to re-invent himself as Harry Truman in 1976. George Bush, another incumbent down in the polls, did the same in 1992. Both failed because, among other things, they lacked their role-model's instinct for the political jugular. When Truman started to take an opponent apart, writes Ferrell, "he liked to leave nothing but the feathers."

> As for placing responsibility for congressional inaction on the Republicans, [Truman] did so with a vengeance. . . . The initials GOP, he said, stood for . . . Gluttons of Privilege. The Republicans wanted two families in every garage.

The election miracle of '48 was Truman's major achievement as president, though Ferrell is among those biographers, like David McCullough, who see Ordinary Harry in larger terms, as a man who grew in office while shaping America's role as a world power. This is Truman Revised, a history based on the forgiving premise that for all his faults, Harry Truman was on-target when making the big decisions. But unlike McCullough, Ferrell pulls no punches in detailing his subject's flaws, notably the mean spirit and petty partisanship that often marked Truman's thinking about people and issues.

"Truman," Ferrell concludes, "was a very special chief executive," indeed "one of the best choices fate could have provided when, in April, 1945, Franklin D. Roosevelt passed on."

A valid point, as far as it goes. Considering that Roosevelt's first choice for vice president in 1944 was the party-lining Henry Wallace—mercifully rejected by Democratic party bosses—the country could have fared worse than Harry Truman in the White House during the critical early years of the Cold War. A great president he wasn't (McCullough and other sentimental revisionists to the contrary). But given the caliber of White House leadership in recent years, even an ordinary Harry, for all his self-educated, non-Oxford shortcomings, looks good. And oh, for a boring First Lady like Bess again. ❐

Victor Gold is The American Spectator*'s national correspondent.*

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POLITICALLY INCORRECT: THE EMERGING FAITH FACTOR IN AMERICAN POLITICS

Ralph Reed

Word Publishing (Dallas)/312 pages/$19.95

reviewed by FRED BARNES

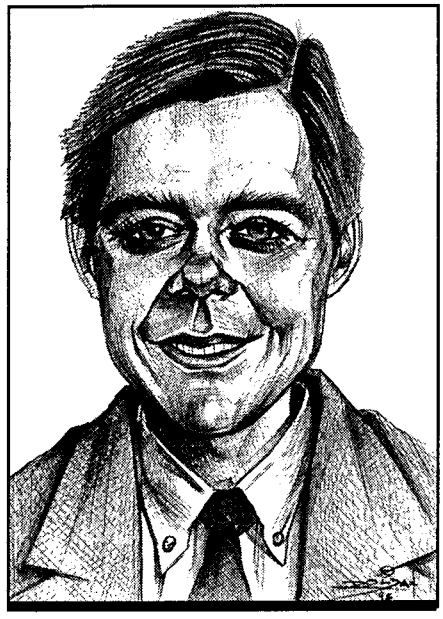
Ralph Reed, the executive director of Pat Robertson's Christian Coalition, invited William Bennett, the Republican virtuecrat, to be the star attraction at a press conference in Washington two years ago. Reed's ostensible aim was to promote a new poll showing the Republican Party would suffer if it abandoned pro-family and moral issues. But when a reporter asked him whether giving moral issues low priority amounted to jettisoning them, Reed said: "We are not saying these issues should be the central or most important thing the party talks about. We are saying values are important and should not be excluded from the cluster of issues that mobilize voters." The reporter might have liked this, but Bennett didn't. "I disagree," he said. "There are no issues with any higher priority than cultural, educational, and moral issues."

Reed, 33, has come a long way since that press conference. He's now the public face of the Christian right, more likable than Robertson and considerably smoother with the press. He's become a political star in his own right. He's also a shrewd, effective political operative who was instrumental in the Republican takeover of Congress in 1994. Reed "delivered the mammoth evangelical vote—currently one-third of the electorate—for the Republican Party," declared *Newsweek* flatly. But the rub remains the same: his willingness to downplay the family and moral issues around which the Christian Coalition was organized. And it's precisely this that creates tension in *Politically Incorrect*, Reed's account of the rise of religious conservatives.

Fred Barnes is a senior editor of the New Republic.

Practically no conservatives and very few Republicans (except GOP Senator Arlen Specter of Pennsylvania, who wants the religious right to leave the party entirely) fault the decision to broaden the Christian right's agenda beyond abortion, school prayer, and gay rights. "To win at the ballot box and in the court of public opinion," Reed writes, religious conservatives "must speak to the concerns of average voters in the areas of taxes, crime, government waste, health care, and economic security." This is merely a tactical shift, he insists. "In sports, if the defensive team is preventing the ground game, the offense should pass the ball. Likewise, in politics there is nothing wrong and everything prudent in changing the game plan at halftime if necessary to win." Doing so, he says, does not represent a "retreat" from the Christian right's "compassionate defense of innocent human life and its support of the traditional family."

I wonder. At the beginning of the book, when Reed outlines the way America would look "if religious conservatives took their proper, proportionate place as leaders in the political and cultural life of the country," the end of legalized abortion is mentioned only obliquely ("children would be considered a blessing rather than a burden"). When the Christian Coalition gathered in Washington last year, it didn't invite the leading abortion foe among elected officials, then-governor Bob Casey of Pennsylvania, a Democrat. Instead, Casey had to invite himself, whereupon he delivered one of the most compelling pro-life speeches in years. And though the coalition endorsed 60 of the 73 House Republican freshmen elected in 1994, it hasn't prompted any of them to push the pro-life cause aggressively in Washington. Some endorsees, like Rep. Sue Myrick of North Carolina, have done just the opposite, proclaiming the abortion issue was irrelevant to their election.



Let's be clear. I'm not questioning Reed's commitment to stopping abortion, only his tactics. His Lincolnian vision of "the withering away of a vast social evil" is realistic. Halting taxpayer subsidies to pro-abortion organizations like Planned Parenthood and permitting states to put restrictions on abortion will have an effect. "Coupled with compassionate alternatives to abortion, restrictions on abortion will lead to its gradual extinction," Reed writes. But this won't happen if the Christian Coalition, the most powerful pro-life group in the country, gives higher priority to the passing of, say, the Paperwork Reduction Act than a measure to curb abortion. Tactics can be destiny.

Reed notes that "since the emergence of the pro-family movement, religion has changed our politics, but politics has also changed religious folk. It has taught them not to expect a heaven on earth, to take defeat (and victory) with a grain of salt, and to respect the right of their political foes to play on the same field." Fine, but my worry is that it has also taught them, or at least their leaders, that they can put off moral issues without harming those causes. If that's what they think, they're wrong. Yes, it made sense politically to leave abortion out of the GOP's Contract With America last fall. It's divisive, and Republicans wanted to

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concentrate on the economic issues that unite them. But that doesn't mean the abortion issue should be put off indefinitely. If the Christian Coalition doesn't force Republicans to deal with abortion after disposing of the contract's ten items, who will? Single issue pro-lifers don't have the clout. The sad truth is this: the longer the issue is ignored, the harder it will be to raise it in Congress and elsewhere later. Politicians, even those who are pro-life, may get comfortable with having abortion—and all the unpleasantness and turmoil that surround it—off the agenda. If that happens, Reed and the Christian Coalition will have gained strange new respect at a very high cost.

Not to worry, Reed says. "Working on other issues—crime, taxes, education—will strengthen our voice on matters of conscience, not weaken it," he writes. "During the debate over health care reform, for example, opposition to taxpayer-funded abortion interwove with concerns about physician choice and jobs like an unbroken tapestry." Reed argues that Christians must address a wide range of issues because religious values "inform every aspect of our lives." The alternative is "to huddle in the ideological ghetto erected for us by our opponents." If Christians settle for that, they "do our religious beliefs an injustice and fail society as well." But there's another way Christian conservatives can fail: by accepting the priorities of mainstream politics instead of emphasizing the moral issues that motivated them in the first place.

At one point, Reed repeats the myth that political consultants are the "bosses of the new politics." Pollsters, strategists, and media wizards are "far more important than party officials and often more famous than the candidates who hire them." They're important—every candidate needs a team of consultants—but they're also interchangeable. If you miss out on Ed Rollins, you can still hire Charlie Black or Stu Spencer. The real bosses are those who influence entire voting blocs. Ralph Reed is one of them. If you miss out on him, you've probably lost religious conservatives altogether. That makes the burden on him—to do the right thing, to go against the flow if necessary, to press ahead on moral issues even when his Republican allies are leery—all the heavier. ❐

CORRESPONDENCE

(continued from page 11)

tents. Racing beyond a mere insult, Mr. Hunt further charged Mr. Brock with integral dishonesty. Mr. Hunt's unpardonable and rude behavior arose because Ms. Charen declared the Mayer-Abramson twaddle to be an outrage.

Shortly thereafter in a *Chicago Tribune* article, Ms. Barbara Brotman interviewed Mayer-Abramson in the December 18 p.c. supplement, "Womanews." I took exception to the poison Ms. Brotman was serving to the public. Armed with Mr. Brock's meticulously researched *Spectator* report, I pointed out several of the reportorial and investigative errors of Mayer-Abramson that had been compounded by Ms. Brotman.

Without Mr. Brock's invaluable work, those rascals could succeed in their never-ending smear campaign. *Strange Justice* indeed!

—Robert J. Stelton
Lemont, Illinois

It must be difficult for dedicated, hard-working *Wall Street Journal* reporterettes to awake one morning to find their hard work turned to irrelevance. . . .

—William J. Urban
San Antonio, Texas

You have invested a lot of credibility in David Brock. I am among the multitudes who have believed him, but I have done so partly because I wanted to and partly because you were putting your reputation behind him.

The gap between his account of the Anita Hill affair and that of his opponents has passed anything that can be explained in terms of differing opinions about who ought to be believed. The columnist Rich of the *New York Times* goes so far as to accuse Mr. Brock of intimidating sources.

I think the time has come for you or Mr. Brock to reassure those who have trusted him by bringing legal action. Surely *somebody* here is knowingly telling lies or being maliciously indifferent to the truth, so a libel action ought to be possible. We need to see this matter laid out in open court, because I do not see how one can go on indefinitely taking Mr. Brock's word for all this, no matter how congenial his account of events is to one's prejudices. On the other hand, one can certainly not believe detestable people like Rich unless their accuracy is vindicated by public sworn testimony.

—Merrill Orne Young
Surry, Virginia

Where's Aldo?

In the January 1995 Continuing Crisis, you reported Al Hunt died. Was this some sort of joke? Is there another Al Hunt I am unaware of? Am I missing something here? Please explain—I think it would be appreciated by more than myself.

—Marc Lemelin
Whitinsville, Massachusetts

Your report on the death of Al Hunt in the January issue has caused me much embarrassment. I was shocked when I read the report and called the newspaper and a television station to see if they knew about it. When "Capital Gang" came on Saturday—I became furious!

I have been in the advertising and public relations business for over fifty years and have established a good relationship with the news media. The *Tulsa World* is our only newspaper and is extremely liberal, but they respect me and publish most of my letters to the editor. I value this position and have a large group of influential people who know me.

Now I am in the embarrassing position of believing your report and trying to check it out. I have had to go back to the media and apologize for calling them about this. This kind of irresponsible reporting should never be associated with conservative beliefs. Even if you were trying to be satirical, it was a terrible joke. . . .

—Paul Locke
Tulsa, Oklahoma

Some Gall

Thanks to John Corry for mirroring my reaction to the media mob's participation in the transparent effort "to lynch Clarence Thomas" ("Playmates of the Month," *TAS*, January 1995). One point that Mr. Corry did not make, however, is the political significance of the fact that the efforts all occurred within the week before the November 8 election that produced the emergence nationally of more black conservatives who reject the failed nostrums the liberal/Democrat elites have been feeding them for thirty years. To me, it was immediately apparent that the mob was sending a thinly veiled warning as to what awaits any other blacks who dare leave the liberal plantation. →

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Interestingly, when I sent a letter to that effect to the *Wall Street Journal*, I received a lame reply that ignored the "coincidence" of the timing and explained that the *WSJ* felt compelled to print the excerpts from the Mayer-Abramson hit piece only because Justice Thomas had said during his confirmation hearings that if the harassment charge were true there would be other examples of his having harassed women. Also of interest, if I might add to a point made by David Brock in the same issue, the *WSJ* printed only a brief excerpt of my letter on the low-readership day-after-Thanksgiving.

Another galling aspect of this latest effort by the mob elites to scuttle the ascent of a black conservative to prominence is their sanctimonious pretensions. They . . . have absolutely no problem with a former governor who is charged with dropping his pants and asking a convention underling to perform oral sex on him, or with a senator who lied about leaving the scene and letting a young woman drown in his car.

—Alfred Lindeman
U.S. Administrative Law Judge
Greenbrae, California

Alarm Bell

I can't refrain from writing to express my admiration for Christopher Caldwell's review of *The Bell Curve* in the January issue ("Alarm Bell"). It is at once both the best description of the book and the most cogent analysis of it that I have read.

—Thomas Letchfield
Palo Alto, California

Christopher Caldwell's review of Herrnstein and Murray's *The Bell Curve* shares the book's central flaw: an excessive emphasis on the role of intelligence in leading a good and happy life—leading to an over-emphasis on low intelligence as a cause of social problems—leading to an over-emphasis on raising intelligence as a solution to social problems—leading to the conclusion that the solution is eugenics (if only in the relatively benign form of restructuring social welfare incentives).

However, before we get caught up in the logic of *The Bell Curve,* I suggest that we all rush out for a screening of *Forrest Gump* to remind ourselves that high intelligence is neither necessary nor sufficient for leading a good and happy life. Most of the people who are incapable of scoring 140 on an IQ test *are* capable of listening to their elders, following good examples, developing good habits, and thereby acquiring the *virtues* necessary for leading good and happy lives. In the pursuit of happiness, high intelligence may create unequal prospects, but virtue is the great equalizer.

There is no reason to believe that people with low IQ's would be more likely to commit crimes, divorce, drop out of school, remain unemployed, have children out of wedlock, or have low birthweight babies were it not for the pervasive and dramatic decline of our society's character-building institutions. When character is no longer infused with virtue—when people no longer have consciences—the lowest desires determine behavior, and one's shrewdness in calculating selfish advantage determines one's level of success. In such a society, it stands to reason that the smart will be successful crooks and the stupid will be failed crooks—and that the same lack of virtue that makes the stupid into a poor rabble will lead the smart to secede from society and consign their stupid brethren to the care of an increasingly totalitarian custodial state.

It is indeed ironic that the egalitarian left, by "liberating" us from the pinching constraints of things like virtue, duty, and the amiable conformism essential to genuine social responsibility, has destroyed the equalizing force of virtue, delivering us into today's Hobbesian world in which only the shrewdest survive and in which social inequality is widening to match the full range of intellectual inequality.

Changing this situation will take more than simply removing the perverse incentives of the social welfare system—necessary though this may be. It will take nothing less than a pervasive *moral* renewal of our society. It is, moreover, a renewal that cannot come from teaching abstract and worthless moral theories to college students. It can come only from the preservation, enhancement, and even the creation of institutions and practices that infuse virtues and build character, such as the family, schools, civic organizations, churches, and the free market. This is the model of statecraft as soulcraft, not as stockbreeding, and it is conspicuous in the debate surrounding *The Bell Curve* only by its absence.

—Gregory R. Johnson
Instructor in Philosophy
Morehouse College
Atlanta, Georgia

We mere mortals need such thorough and informative reviews as Christopher Caldwell's so we can avoid tackling the tome's 845 pages ourselves—admittedly, the flesh is weak. As for the subject matter under discussion, I think conservatives should be leery. The thought of government programs to address the "problem" raises hackles—that's liberal territory, and God help conservatives if they get involved. . . .

As for the failure of Herrnstein and Murray to produce satisfying recommendations, I'm not surprised; I think it stems from their choice of material. The subject of IQ is inherently dismal and divisive. A child is given a score, something he can't do anything about—something that, he may be told, will follow him through the years and largely determine his success in life—something that ranks him against his friends and classmates in a pecking order that would not otherwise concern him. He learns to live with his score, to maximize his returns by determination, hard work, courage, and the like. The psychologists, having isolated something they can measure with precision, deprive it of moral force—the characteristics we should deem praiseworthy are those we can affect—and are left with tests and statistics, and a perilous pride in their science. Guidance for public policy will be found elsewhere.

Two final comments. Regarding the problem of college admissions—wouldn't the pressure be ameliorated somewhat if the government stopped encouraging folks to seek higher education? Why, to be blunt, do we persist in sending 100-IQ kids to uncertain encounters with Aristotle and Maya Angelou? Can't we find useful work for them some other way? Regarding the correlation between intelligence and crime—this doesn't necessarily mean that dummies will act criminally, but only that, in the absence of sanctions, they tend to do so. If the elites are so intelligent, let them behave intelligently. Let them set and enforce standards of conduct, as they once did, instead of abdicating their responsibilities and thereby egging us lesser breeds into acts of mayhem—ah, but that would require a moral sensibility.

—George D. Waldman
Reading, Massachusetts

In reviewing *The Bell Curve*, Christopher Caldwell correctly notes that "liberals" Mickey Kaus and Labor Secretary Robert Reich earlier reached the same

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conclusion as authors Charles Murray and Richard Herrnstein, i.e., citizens with low IQs are less likely to find decent jobs, and social problems are likely to follow. Unfortunately, Caldwell drops an exciting hint, but does not pursue it. I suggest that *agreements* among "liberals" and "conservatives" are much more important than their disagreements.

The bipartisan public policy is that unemployment rates must remain at or above six percent in order to keep wages and salaries low enough to prevent inflation. The policy has been very effective for two decades in causing a decline in real wages, and creating professionals who cannot repay education loans. The policy is wholly independent of intelligence. If *everyone* had an IQ of 140, presidents, Congress and the Federal Reserve would ensure, as they have been doing, that joblessness and stagnating incomes would not improve.

Historically, six percent is *high* unemployment, other than in Great Depressions that were not as long (1890s, 1930s). Public pronouncements aside, the 1994 economy is *not* a "full employment" economy, and the past twenty years have destroyed for many young people the motivation to do well in school, especially if their parents are unemployed.

When unemployment is less than six percent, as it is now, those on welfare *are carrying out public policy by not working*, and it is unreasonable to argue that this unemployment is "voluntary." If we are to discover what Americans can do, a real jobs policy is needed and influential "liberals" and "conservatives" are equally uninterested. These leaders inflame public opinion by refusing to take any responsibility for what happens. The contribution of the media is to dutifully report the details of the policy but to avoid asking why high unemployment must be a permanent policy.

"Welfare dependency" is inevitable when there are no jobs. After all, everyone who works for a living is "dependent" upon an employer.

—Frederick C. Thayer
Senior Fellow for Education Policy
University of Pittsburgh
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

Questions About Charity

William Tucker's "Sweet Charity" (*TAS*, February 1995) is a window on the extent to which private charity has become an adjunct of the state. However, to note the amounts of such transfers is not necessarily to discredit them. It would help to know whether, for example, when Catholic Charities receives $1.2 billion from government sources, this is $1.2 billion the public agencies would otherwise spend themselves (presumably with higher overhead), or whether some or all of this expenditure comes on top of what would be the state welfare operation in any case.

Yet even that wouldn't settle the issue for a conservative or libertarian. It may be that the nonprofit sector, though employing a smaller payroll, nevertheless proves a more effective lobby for increased welfare spending than would a public bureaucracy devoted to the same purpose.

Another and probably more important consideration is whether the nonprofit entity is able and willing to impart some moral order along with the beneficence. We can be reasonably confident that a secular public agency could not or would not. Readers may wish to consult the writing of Richard Cornuelle on this subject. Additionally, as James Q. Wilson has urged, any contracts between the two sectors should be performance-based.

Maybe it is true that tax money inevitably corrupts a good cause. If that is not always so, however, then we should ask some of these other questions. At a time when contracting out government seems the order of the day, should social services be the exception?

—Tim Ferguson
Los Angeles, California

First Things First

I always read Ben Stein's Diary first. Today I was distressed to come across the phrase "listening to the lanyards jingling against the masts of the sailboats" ("I'm a Soul Gland," *TAS*, January 1995). Mr. Stein means *halyards,* not *lanyards.* You pull on a *halyard* to raise the sail, and you pull on a *lanyard* to fire a cannon. I don't fault Mr. Stein; isn't this why we have editors? This is the second time the same error has appeared in his column. A third offense would merit a flogging.

—Kent Guida
Houston, Texas

Ben Stein has only himself to blame for being victimized by doltish airline personnel. Even legitimate and unforeseen difficulties can affect a traveler imprudent enough to show up an hour in advance of a flight with tickets still unwritten.

Fortunately, a responsible, free-market capitalist has an easily enacted, cost-free, inherently advantageous preventive measure: a carefully chosen professional travel agent. As someone who has averaged twenty business trips yearly for thirty years, I can testify that travel agents have saved me vast amounts of time and sums of money.

If Mr. Stein had a regular travel agent, or even one recommended by a reliable friend, he could have watched as the agent's computer found the combination of time, price, and other factors that most nearly met Mr. Stein's criteria. The agent could immediately issue the tickets and, in most cases, boarding passes. Mr. Stein could pay the agent by credit card, securing certain legal safeguards in case the airline did something heinous. The advance-issue boarding passes are also excellent protection against overbooking. Were it a trip with only carry-on luggage, Mr. Stein's first encounter with airline personnel would be with the person stationed at the boarding ramp. And, of course, travel agents' fees come from the airlines: there is no charge to the ticket buyer. Thus, those of us who use travel agents are being slightly subsidized by those who do not. Oh yes: if time is a factor, a good agent will not even require Mr. Stein to come to the agency, but will deliver tickets to his home by same-day personal courier.

While lawsuits also have the advantage of stimulating the economy, Mr. Stein now has the information he needs to spend money instead in a way that will more nearly insure that he and Tommy get to their vacations.

—Dr. Seth C. Hawkins
St. Paul, Minnesota

Hooray for Hilda! In Ben Stein's Diary, his friend Hilda is an example of a pro-life heroine. Under most difficult circumstances she decided to go ahead and have her child. She shows courage and strength to have known that she would be raising a child alone in a horrible place like Los Angeles. Once again, hats off to Hilda for the choice she made.

—Pamela Winters
Oxford, New Jersey

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(continued on page 75)

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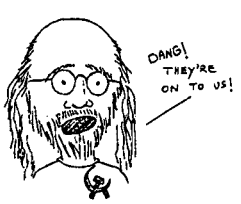

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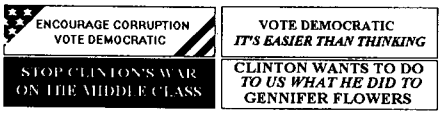

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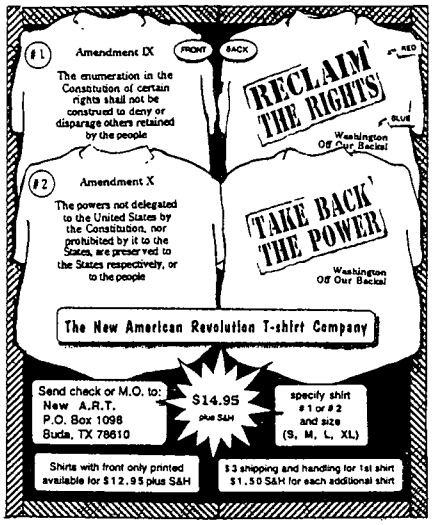
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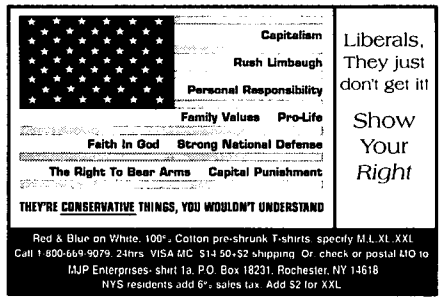
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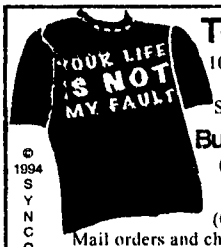

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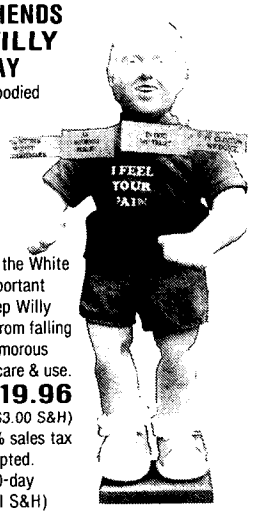

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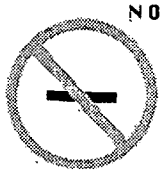

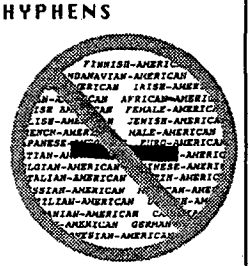

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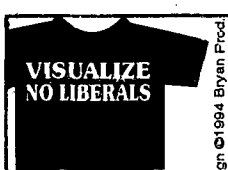

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the USPO, copy of *TAS*, the first place I turn to is The Continuing Crisis. My next target is my monthly fix with Ben Stein's Diary. This I read three times before I let anyone else touch the magazine. Ben's report leaves me with the feeling that I have just held a long intimate conversation with a dear friend of many years' standing. I like to feel like that.

—Robert Y. Stair
Ocala, Florida

Nixonian Imperatives

Kudos to John H. Taylor for "Nixon and Sheehy" (*TAS*, January 1995), which once again points out the animus that continues unabated against Richard Nixon. Nixon once noted, in his usual prescient manner, that history would judge him fairly but historians who for the most part are on the left, would not. The Gail Sheehys will never let the Nixon legacy rest in peace.

Unable to grasp the popularity of Richard Nixon's silent majority and, moreover, the public's conservative ideological bent, the press—for the most part a cacophony of moral idiots—continue to spew their vituperative fallacies. It is imperative for posterity and our country's future that men like John H. Taylor continue to set the record straight.

—William D. Moeder
Fairfield, Connecticut

Matalin Monroe

Thank you! Thank you! Thank you! Finally somebody has had the courage to say what many of us conservatives have felt and known about Mary Matalin. John Podhoretz hit it on the head in his December review of the Matalin-Carville book *All's Fair* when he stated, "Mary Matalin calls herself a conservative, but she was legendary in the 1992 election cycle for her tone-deafness about the vitality of the conservative message. She clings to every last stupid idea about why Bush lost . . . "

After watching her TV talk show "Equal Time" religiously on CNBC after its inception, I soon saw the real Mary and it wasn't conservative. Mary constantly berated so-called "far-right" and "religious-right" conservatives, while fawning all over establishment Bush-type Republicans and Democrats on her show. In fact, Mary's liberal counterpart in the beginning, Jane Wallace, who by the way asked far tougher questions of Democrats than "conservative" Mary, was the only thing standing between Mary's making a love connection with her moderate and liberal guests in front of a national audience.

Thank you again *TAS* and John Podhoretz for warning others against the Trojan horse that walks in our midst. As for Mary, I guess the old adage is true: "If you lie down with dogs, you wake up with fleas." *—Jon C. Acker*
Northport, Alabama

More Direct-Mail Mail

I am writing with reference to Christopher M. Byron's article in the November 1994 issue of *TAS* ("Direct-Mail Deviltry), the letters in the February 1995 issue, and Mr. Byron's less-than-satisfactory reply to them.

This letter is not part of an "orchestrated letter writing campaign," since I do not know any of the direct-mail crowd. The only interest I have in them is seeing that conservatives are elected to office, and that organizations that are truly helping people receive the funds to do so.

I was upset when I read Byron's original article. I thought of writing you then, but did not have sufficient facts at hand. The February issue letters have confirmed my concerns. So what if they were part of an orchestrated letter writing campaign? I have written a lot of letters to my congressmen that were orchestrated. We received a call about school legislation and threats to home schooling—I wrote and I called. That's what it is all about in America!

I am skeptical of *all* of the media. Mr. Byron is not a bit different from a large number of writers in the liberal media.

Yes, I too get disgusted with some of the tactics of the fundraising people. I don't like their questionnaires ("surveys") that need filling out, those "petitions" where we "join with" so and so to petition the president, or Congress, to do something. If I cannot compose a letter myself, I won't send anything.

Yet even with my objections, I still think Mr. Byron used a cannon to kill a fly! I think he should be forced to be careful and honest, especially when writing about conservatives and conservatism, because the mainline, liberal media will not report on us with candor.

—Burton E. Brush
Rapid City, South Dakota

The recent "fur flying" over the "deviltry" in direct mail has given me long pause for thought. You either hit the sore spot or there was a very biased writer. I am not sufficiently informed, at the moment, to tell which is the accurate evaluation.

One thing I do know! I dropped Seniors Coalition like a coal right out of the fireplace. A recent CBS "exposé" of that organization made it sound a lot worse than *TAS* did. So, the problem is: Why didn't you light into AARP as well? . . .

If you only knew (and some of you probably do) the magnitude of the mailings that bombard the average older American, your writing would have a more neutral slant. . . .

—Lester W. Tanner
Lynchburg, Virginia

Chit-Craic

Pace correspondent Janet Watt Boldt (Correspondence, *TAS*, February 1995), but there is definitely an Irish word *craic* (plural, *craiceanna*), pronounced crack and defined as chat.

See, e.g., *Foclóir Poca* (Pocket Dictionary), English-Irish/Irish-English, published by An Gúm, Dublin; Irish government copyright 1986. This little gem offers scholarly discussions of grammar and pronunciation in its 535 pages of small type.

Beannacht Dé leat!

—Robert Powers
Shreveport, Louisiana

Quindlen's List

It may be true, as you noted in the Current Wisdom section of your January magazine, that Anna Quindlen mixes a mean metaphor. But you overlooked an even more portentous passage in her forty-six words. She stated that "when Newt Gingrich becomes Speaker of the House, that puts him third in the line of Presidential succession, after Mr. Gore."

This raises an interesting question. If Gingrich is No. 3 and Gore is No. 2, just who is first in line to succeed President Clinton? Is this Ms. Quindlen's way of dropping a subtle hint of an upcoming coup to interrupt perestroika? Perhaps the next gun aimed at the White House will be that of an M-1 tank manned by Hillary. You didn't give Anna enough credit. She may be on to something.

—Paul Mulshine
Norwood, Pennsylvania

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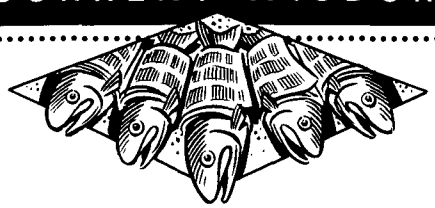

Arizona Republic

Harsh words for an apostate from the celebrated E.J. Montini, the *Republic*'s resident bleeding heart and racial neurotic:

Jackie Robinson was born a Negro, starred in sports, and went on to become an unwavering campaigner for civil rights.

Charles Barkley was born a Negro, starred in sports, and has gone on to become a rich, spoiled, selfish Republican.

He plays golf with Dan Quayle, chats with Rush Limbaugh, has lunch with Clarence Thomas and talks about how he wants to run for the Alabama Governor's Office in 1998 as a Republican because he doesn't like paying a rich man's taxes and believes the Democrats haven't done anything for African-Americans in the past 30 years.

[January 4, 1995]

Washington Post

Bold philological reflections of a dyspeptic nature elicited by Our First Lady's general nastiness and tendency at state dinners to spill food on those seated nearby:

"Yes, I would say Hillary is a bitch, and I mean that with all admiration. She is truly a role model for me," says Elizabeth Hilts, author of "Getting in Touch With Your Inner Bitch," a newly published handbook. "Hillary doesn't back down on what she believes. Any woman who's in politics—any bitch who's worth her weight in politics—has got to have the courage of her convictions."

Hilts, 38, edits two weekly newspapers in suburban New York. She wrote her book after being stood up on a date and it dawned on her that many women suffered from "toxic niceness," also known as the doormat syndrome. "Being in touch with your inner bitch doesn't mean behaving poorly, screaming and yelling," she says. "It's behaving assertively, with one's own best interests in mind."

In other words, acting like a man.

[January 12, 1995]

New York Times

Belles lettres as perpetrated by Robert Lipsyte, expert on race relations and sexual hygiene, on the sports page of the *Times*:

The people Simpson seemed to have made feel good, including those TV and advertising executives who trailed in his testosterone spray and winked at his "roguish ways," are now, hopefully, uncomfortable.

[December 30, 1994]

Santa Cruz County Sentinel

Mr. John C. Greeley, a future chancellor of the University of California at Berkeley, paints a portrait of the post-Newt apocalypse:

President Dole and the Republican majority have all but eliminated the welfare state, with social security only for Congress. The sick, the poor, the homeless are now where they belong, in prison or dead.

The top 1 percent of the nation now holds 97 percent of wealth, and the rest, working for beans and potatoes, are happy as clams.

Everyone laughs to think there were once such things as unions. The military budget has been tripled to help defeat the last Eskimo resistors. By act of Congress the words "liberal" and "soft" have been eliminated from the language. Homosexuals are forced to wear pink triangles. Corporations, no longer restrained by whining environmentalists, now dump their poisons wherever they please. In the schools, corporal punishment and prayer are now mandatory.

Dan Quayle is Minister of Education. Rush Limbaugh is Minister of Culture. Orrin Hatch is Attorney General. Public floggings and hangings are considered fun. War is peace. Freedom is slavery. Ignorance is strength. The people cheer and cheer and cheer. And I am out of here.

[November 27, 1994]

Time

Once again the gruesome thoughts of a typical psychopath from the horripilating Christian Left:

When Congressman Newt Gingrich was a graduate student at Tulane University, I baptized him by immersion into the membership of the St. Charles Avenue Baptist Church. Perhaps I didn't hold him under long enough.

—(The Rev.) G. Avery Lee
New Orleans

[December 5, 1994]

Lansing State Journal

(Lansing, Michigan)

Another member of the Christian Left makes a moral pronouncement:

Finally, we have somebody fun to hate.

We should all thank Newt Gingrich for that. We were in danger of sanctimoniously drifting to the end of the century, compromising as we go.

Not now. Now we have Newt.

[December 9, 1994]

New Republic

The historic response, certain some day to appear in *Bartlett's Familiar Quotations*, by Democratic chieftain Tony Coelho as to why his party suffered so dreadfully on November 8, proving that dementia is the price one pays to be a Liberal nowadays:

"I haven't seen this written anywhere. . . . I think the Reagan announcement on Friday (that he has Alzheimer's) is basically what did it. We were scoring on Reaganomics. But we were being very careful not to attack Reagan the man. Our polling showed the numbers were moving with us. But when he announced he had Alzheimer's . . . it was all over the evening news. And the country reacted. All of a sudden, sympathy set in for the guy. I think it really stopped us. I don't know what else could have happened."

[January 2, 1995]

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SPE Newsletter

(Society for Photographic Education)

More evidence of the intellectual excitement that enlivens the American left, holding out the promise that an ideological replacement to Marxism may be just around the corner:

SPE 32nd NATIONAL CONFERENCE
MARCH 16 - 19th, 1995
CALL FOR WORK

"Women and Animals: Oppression, Representation and Resistance," For possible inclusion in the March 1995 SPE National Conference presentation and possible exhibition entitled "Women and Animals: Oppression, Representation and Resistance." The panel discussion, led by feminist vegetarian author Carol Adams, artist and educator Susan kae Grant, and Afterimage editor Karen vanMeenen, will historically identify a cross-mapping between the feminist and animal rights movements. Specifically looking for photo-based or related work by women artists that deals with issues of animal oppression, the animalizing of women and the sexualizing, and implicit feminizing of animals. Deadline: January 5, 1995. Please send slides, statement, resume, any supporting materials, and SASE for return to Karen vanMeenen, c/o Afterimage, 31 Prince St., Rochester, NY 14607.

[Fall 1994]

Sarasota Herald-Tribune

The brutal reflections of Miss Christina Talley, who apparently goes by the nickname Chrissy and leads a melancholy life:

Christmas is such a beautiful time of year. Carols ringing through the air. Children playing in the snow. Snuggling next to a loved one near a toasty fire. And a corpse in your living room.

Each year, thousands are killed just before the holidays. Most of these bodies end up taking up scarce landfill area or just rotting in the front of people's houses, waiting for the garbage man to take them away. These bodies are sold on every corner and the merchants get good business around this time of year. They are displayed by consumers in their homes, covered in bright lights and plastic decorations.

You're probably thinking, "I surely can't be taking part in these crimes," but these corpses are not human or even animal. They are trees.

[December 12, 1994]

New York Times

Jennifer Dunning gives rapturous notice of a play certain to bring Frank Rich back to theater:

The Altogether Different festival opened on Tuesday night at the Joyce Theater with a program that was certainly different and even more a puzzle. In "S/He," Jane Comfort examines sexual and racial role-playing in a series of sketches, a procession of characters and situations that is set to music by Mio Morales and incorporating text by Ms. Comfort and excerpts from the Senate confirmation hearings of Supreme Court Justice Clarence Thomas.

In the witty opening number, a tiny, scruffy man played by Ms. Comfort and a towering, lushly endowed woman played by Andre Shoals lip-synch their way through a bit of rap banter that both espouses and shifts traditional sex roles. The closing number features a white male Anita Hill, a white female Clarence Thomas and a quartet of finger-popping black female Senators.

An early segment for eight seated performers promisingly explores male and female attitudes toward space and how to occupy it.

[January 5, 1995]

Free Lance Star

(Fredericksburg, Virginia)

Out there in Stafford, Virginia, the legitimate voice of the truly stupid is finally heard:

If I were a public school teacher, I would find tiresome the windbags who bash public schools. The vast majority of these bandwagon heroes are peevish, right-wing white males who are bubbling over with righteous froth and stewing with indignation.

Now that communists have been subdued by armies of Big Macs, these critics couldn't wait to get their hooks into the next enemy. They hauled up public education. Now they are busy gutting it for the fish fry.

According to these men, public schools are responsible for everything from Roseanne to Whitewater. The state of public education is to blame for all of society's problems, and therefore is responsible for solving them.

In their opinion, public education alone causes abortion and teen-age mothers, drugs and gun violence, divorce and gay people. But even worse, public education is to blame for stupid people—even though stupid people were around long before there were any public schools.

The middle-class moral highwaymen claim that children are no longer taught values, reading, spelling, morals, math, religion, writing or science. They are taught nothing at all, in their opinion, except sex (how to do it), drugs (how to use them), and condoms (where to put them). I'm shocked to discover from these learned gentlemen that this sort of thing is going on at taxpayers expense.

How would we feel if, every day, we read yet another whiny opinion, telling us that everything is our fault and that we are doing a lousy job? It amazes me that teachers still show up for work.

As a mere parent of actual real live, public-school children, it's hard for me to believe that my children seem to have learned to read, write, do math and science and even some spelling. I'm impressed.

So thanks, teachers. Merry Christmas, and party on. *—Sally O'Keefe Stafford*

[December 20, 1994]

Irvine World News

(Irvine, California)

Five days before Liberation Day 1994, an outburst from another reductio ad absurdum of progressive reform:

Someone unfamiliar with our customs and traditions might find it peculiar that every last day of October, American adults find it festive to purposely frighten their children, dress them up as ghouls, ghosts, witches and monsters, and feed them unhealthful foods.

Someone unfamiliar with our customs and traditions might perceive this holiday as a sort of sanctioned communal exercise in child abuse.

It is often argued that "recreational fear" serves as a desensitizing exercise. We rationalize that small children should learn to confront their fears and a good way to do this is for trusted adults to fabricate morbid imaginary characters.

Regardless of whether or not you believe there is a satanic connection with Halloween, we know that today's children will face such horrors as homicide, suicide, drugs, teen pregnancy and AIDS, either in their own lives or the lives of their friends while they are still children. . . .

Perhaps Halloween could better be celebrated by dressing up in ethnic costumes that teach kids about other cultures, about tolerance. Or, in memory of the past, wear costumes that remember the heroes that have gone before us.

Given our collective concern for violence and crime, now would be a good time to stop dressing children in horrific clothing and calling it entertainment.

[November 3, 1994]

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Endangered Species

by John R. Coyne, Jr.

Chicago

In his splendid *Memoirs of a Dissident Publisher* (1979), Henry Regnery spoke of the often tense relationship between Chicago's culture and commerce, between the artistic impulse and a deeply ingrained Midwestern work ethic. It was the tension between the two worlds that led to the birth of one of the world's great clubs, and it is the same tension that now may lead to its demise.

The Cliff Dwellers Club was founded in 1907 by novelist Hamlin Garland to bring together "painters, sculptors, novelists, poets, musicians, architects, historians, illustrators" with "distinguished men in other professions." Frank Lloyd Wright was a charter member, and it was here that the architect Louis Sullivan, penniless and without commissions, sat at an oak desk to write his splendid memoirs, *Autobiography of an Idea*. Among its visitors and contributors have been Arnold Bennett, John Galsworthy, George Santayana, Theodore Dreiser, Igor Stravinsky, and William F. Buckley, Jr., who came at Regnery's invitation to play the harpsichord. This last occasion, writes Regnery (himself a member), was "one of those great Cliff Dweller occasions, on the order of the dinner given at the Cliff Dwellers in 1914 by Harriet Monroe to honor William Butler Yeats, on which occasion Vachel Lindsay came up from Springfield and read a new poem, *The Congo*, with such eloquence and expression that one of the waiters fainted."

Since its founding, the club has remained essentially unchanged. The elevator takes you to the eighth floor of Orchestra Hall. Then you walk up thirty-one marble steps, along walls lined with mementos, letters, and photographs—Theodore Roosevelt, Adlai Stevenson III, John Drew, Otis Skinner, A. Lawrence Lowell, Jan Paderewski. Then right and through the door, into a long, 3,500-square-foot room. To the left, the dining room, with its bleached-oak tables along a line of picture windows facing a narrow terrace. On the north wall, looking down at the diners, is the head of a gaur—an ugly, fat Southeast Asian cow, with big horns and a baleful, red-eyed expression, much like Sonny Liston. To the right, where a Garland portrait hangs over a working fireplace, is a dark-paneled sitting room. George Ade relaxed here, as did Carl Sandburg and James Whitcomb Riley.

On a clear day, from the windows that line the eastern wall and from the terrace, there is a wonderful view—the gardens of the Art Institute to the north, Soldier Field and Shedd Aquarium to the south, and straight ahead, Lake Michigan, all of it—and on the right day, with good eyes, Michigan itself. A marvelous view, and in any city in the world, one worth a great deal of money. In May, the Orchestra Association, the club's landlord, told club directors that the Cliff Dwellers had two years notice to vacate: "The Orchestral Association plans to create a private club for use by its major donors. . . . The space currently occupied by the Cliff Dwellers is the only workable location."

According to John McDermott, a member and director of the club, relations between the Orchestra Association and the club have always been warm but informal. As the result of a gentleman's agreement adopted in the 1920s, when the director of the Symphony was also president of the Cliff Dwellers Club, the Chicago Symphony became the club's landlord. As part of the agreement, says McDermott, the club could stay in its penthouse headquarters in perpetuity—that is, as long as it could pay rent, which it pays to the tune of more than $60,000 a year.

Henry Fogel, the Orchestra's executive director, sees no reason why the club can't move, and offers to help it find space. But in other quarters, the club simply wouldn't be the club. "This space is not just some fungible, ordinary, run-of-the-mill leasable space somewhere," writes club president Chester Davis. "It is unique and uniquely ours."

In his history of the club, Regnery sums it up in this way:

> It has now been more than eighty years that the club . . . has occupied the penthouse on the top of Orchestra Hall, its fine view of Lake Michigan overlooking Grant Park still unimpaired. The Cliff Dwellers has over the years served as a congenial place to bring people professionally engaged in music, art, literature, and architecture together with others seriously interested in such matters as non-professionals, which was one of its principal purposes. In so doing, the Cliff Dwellers had made a distinct contribution to the life of the city. The history of the Cliff Dwellers is an integral part of the cultural history of Chicago.

If the logic underlying much of today's trendy debate were extended to the human race, then it would seem that art and culture and the systems that sustain them would be treated by definition as a part of the human ecosystem. And if Henry Regnery were a bald eagle, his aerie would be safe. But because he's a Cliff Dweller, he and his fellow club members are being faced with eviction—and quite possibly, social and cultural extinction. A high price, indeed, for a developer's dream and a room with a view. ❐

John R. Coyne, Jr. is author of The Kumquat Statement *(Cowles) and* The Impudent Snobs *(Arlington House).*

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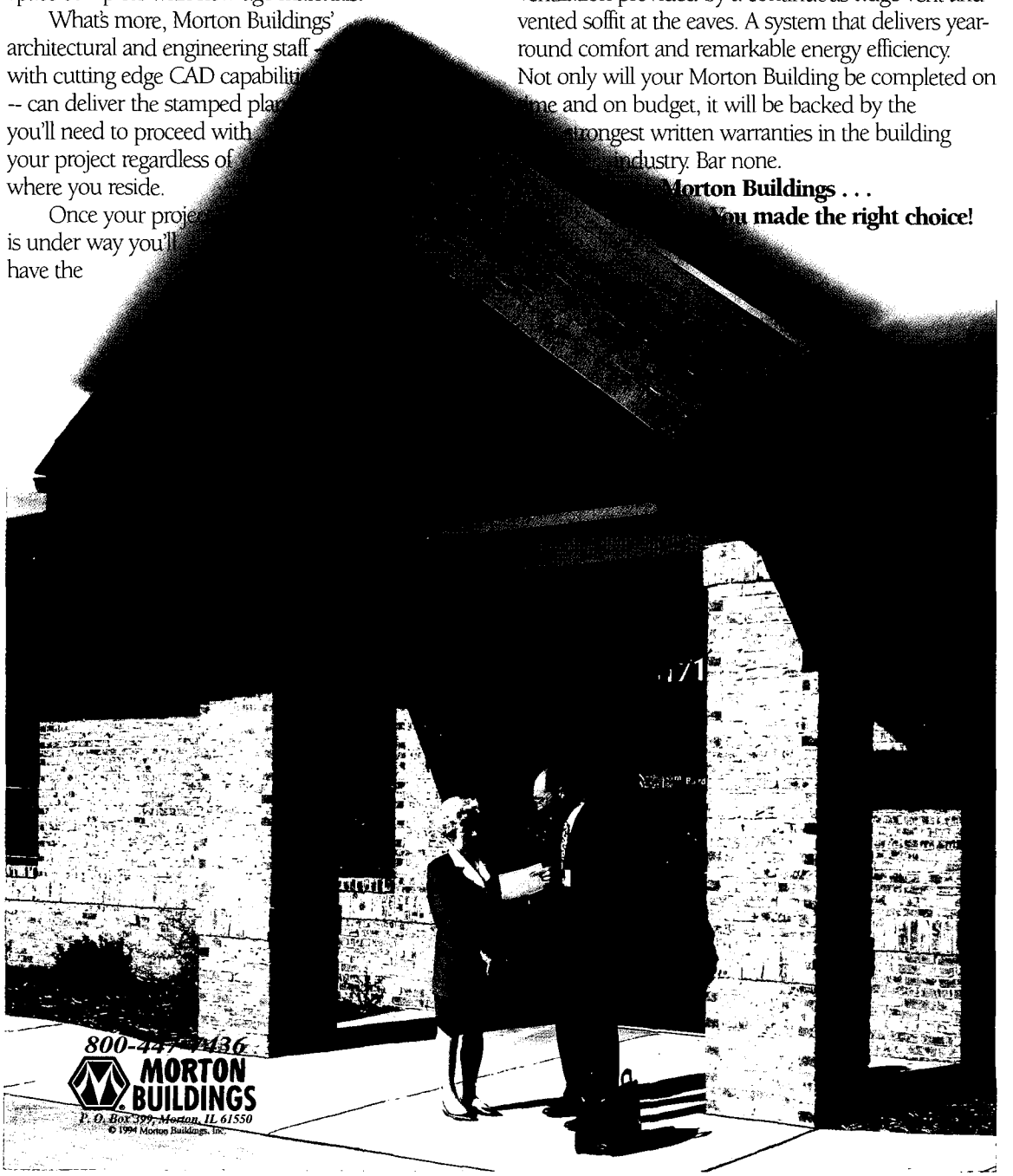

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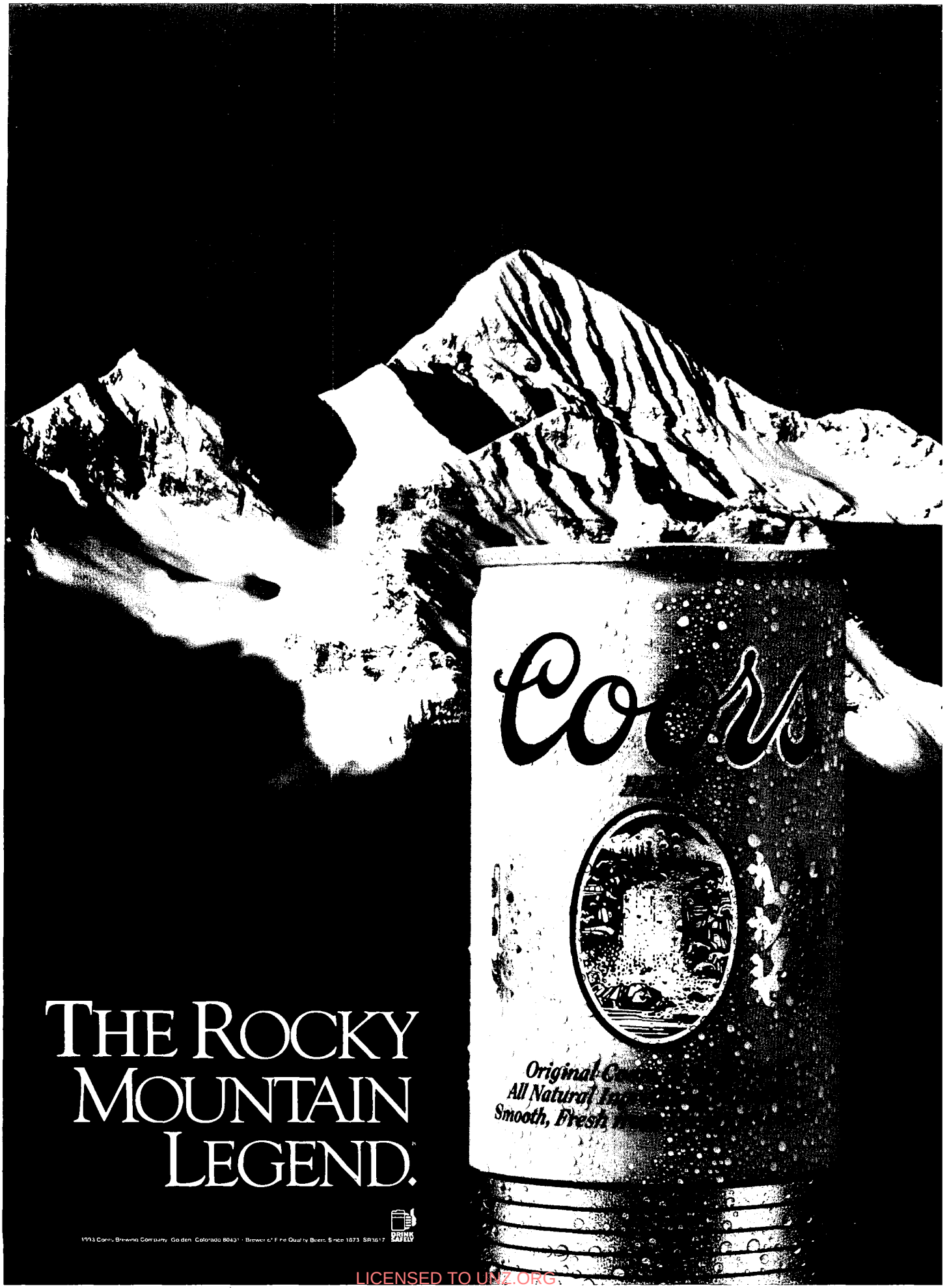

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